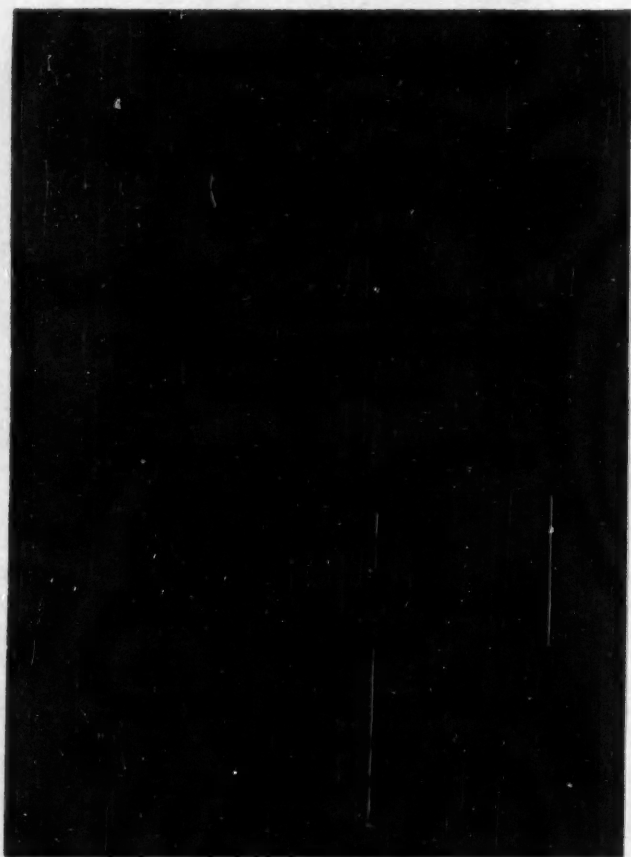


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JESUS IN HIS TIME

by

DANIEL-ROPS

Translated from the French by R. W. MILLAR

Daniel-Rops, member of the *Académie Française*, is a famous French novelist and a Catholic. His book is thus written *con amore* and from the central Christian tradition, but it does not ignore the arguments of non-Christian critics. Founded on extensive historical research, it also considers the various metaphysical and psychological explanations which have been advanced to explain such baffling events as the miracles, the Temptation, and the appearance of Jesus after the Resurrection. The author has made a special study of Jewish history and particularly of the Talmudic writings, because they are accepted as codifying a tradition and a way of life established among the Jews many centuries earlier, and therefore enable us to reconstruct the conditions and the modes of thought in Palestine at the time when Jesus lived and preached. Yet the main source for all study of Jesus is the Gospels and it is the Gospel story which, after his brilliant opening chapters on the world, Jewish and Roman, as it was at the time, the author follows, stage by stage, building up with all his novelist's art a narrative which is more fascinating than any novel towards a climax to which no novel can ever aspire. This book has had a remarkable reception both in France and in America. In France more copies have been sold than of any other non-fiction book published since the war and it is now in its 400th edition. In America 30,000 copies were sold within a few weeks of publication. Its translation into English makes the fifteenth language in which it has appeared. We are publishing this edition in conjunction with the firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode.

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THE DEATH OF ART: EHRENBURG'S *THAW*

By RUSSELL KIRK

ILYA EHRENBURG, one of the most influential of Soviet writers, tried last year to express in fiction the mildest of criticisms and the faintest hint of ridicule of the Soviet state. He and his novel, *The Thaw*, came off badly within a few months, being denounced late that summer by the Union of Soviet Writers, and Ehrenburg was forced to defend himself against the attacks of Simonov and other pillars of Soviet orthodoxy when the Second Congress of Soviet Writers met at the end of the year. He gave ground, but he did not recant wholly; and his novel was not officially suppressed. Possibly Ehrenburg thought some show of sincere opposition safer than abject contrition and confession; while Simonov and his colleagues may have thought it the part of discretion to rest content with Ehrenburg's imperfect apology. Some of Ehrenburg's allies were reprimanded or punished; but at least they did not die or vanish, like Gorki and Babel.

This episode, closely related to the silent struggle for power in the Soviet Union after Stalin's death, may have a sequel. It is part of the long contest between the Soviet state and the presumptuous man of letters, which recurs from decade to decade; for similar reasons, Averbakh was shot in 1932 and his Russian Association of Proletarian Writers dissolved. But possibly more important than the political significance of this tempest in a samovar is the novel itself. I do not mean that it is a good novel: it is dull and formless. The characters in *The Thaw* do not live; it is no better than Ehrenburg's earlier work. To say that Ehrenburg is one of the best writers surviving in Russia is only to damn him with faint praise. Yet, however timidly and ineptly, Ehrenburg attempted in this book to break with the orthodox 'Soviet realism' and to represent real human beings and real problems of life. 'You read novels where everything is in its place,' he said in his own defence before the Congress of Soviet Writers, 'every detail of the machines and

of production meetings is properly described . . . but where's the human soul?' Sholokhov, also with his back against the wall, told the Congress that 'nothing but a grey river of colourless, mediocre literature' has poured from the Soviet presses in recent years. These rebels asked for 'a new Soviet humanism'.

Now I think that *The Thaw* tells us a good deal about the frame of mind at present dominant among the administrative and intellectual orders in Soviet Russia—and gives us some understanding of the prospects of that society. I think, also, that it unintentionally reveals the ruinous condition of serious literature under a totalist state, and the impossibility of reviving humane letters in a collectivistic society.

'Realism, n. The art of depicting nature as it is seen by toads. The charm suffusing a landscape painted by a mole, or a story written by a measuring-worm.' This is Ambrose Bierce's definition, from *The Devil's Dictionary*. Now *The Thaw* is a genuinely realistic novel—which is a far cry from conventional 'Soviet realism'—but it has little enough in common with the 'realism' of Zola, say, or James T. Farrell. It is much closer to the realistic novel written by the garret-scholar in Gissing's *New Grub Street*, who trails a butcher and his wife about London so as to miss no dull detail of their conversation. What Ehrenburg has endeavoured to do is to examine candidly the decent drabness of existence among very ordinary and obscure middle-class Russians of the new order. These people have no grand passions and no overweening aspirations. Ehrenburg is no toad; but the analogy of the measuring-worm is apt enough.

I repeat that the society of *The Thaw* is restricted middle-class society. Nothing to come out of Soviet Russia since the triumph of Stalin—except, possibly, for two or three films, and those unintentionally—better establishes the fact that the classless society is only a phrase in modern Russia. The characters in this novel—characters ineptly drawn, and possessed of no living personality, but nevertheless marked with the stamp of authenticity—are reasonably well off, secure, and even smug, displaying many of the virtues commonly called bourgeois, and few of the vices. They go to the theatre and the opera; they have their little parties; they fret about self-advancement; they slip into love rather languidly, and slip out of it again. They know next to nothing of the political oligarchy which governs them—only an occasional dreaded reprimand or summons from Moscow disturbs the placid

round of domestic duties and factory production and lectures and amusements. And the life of the labouring classes is nearly as remote from them as is the life of the upper ranks of Party and bureaucracy. The Secretary of the Town Committee speaks to the Factory Director about 'the dilapidated hovels and hutments of the workers . . . a disgrace'; but the Factory Director has seen worse in Moscow. About the people who dwell in these hovels and hutments, *The Thaw* tells us little. The managerial class, with its literary and artistic appendages, is what interests Ehrenburg. There are some brief conventional glimpses of a *kolhoz* presided over by a matriarch; yet of what life really is like in such a collective we are given few hints. White collar and business suit seem to be the marks of a distinct status far more in this Russian town than they are in Birmingham or Chicago.

Ehrenburg is writing, then, of the pillars of society, of the people who read books and form local policy and keep the production-system of the Soviets reasonably efficient. Almost all of them are well-meaning little people, civil and decent, the people who buy Ehrenburg's books. They must have been surprised and gratified, after a literary diet of Socialist Realism, to find themselves represented without distortion in *The Thaw*. That they are not the real masters of Russia, the fate of this novel demonstrates; yet probably we have here a truthful description of the bulk of the intellectual and administrative classes which have settled down into a decent routine a generation after the triumph of the Bolsheviks. These are not Bolsheviks; they do not think of world dominion, nor of the future terrestrial paradise; their own round of small duties, and their private problems, loom much larger than the old catch-phrases of the class struggle. None of these characters has any intention of leading a crusade. Some of them resent the dull production-obsession of the Factory Director; Savchenko the engineer has a rather vague attachment to the doctrine of Progress, which seems to amount principally to 'lots and lots of corn'; Saburov the painter actually dares to experiment moderately in his art. But all this is bathos when set beside the October Revolution, for which most of them retain an amorphous veneration; it is the beginning of history for them, and it seems as remote as the battle of the Olympians and the Titans.

Out of the disjointed conversations of this novel comes the impression—never expressed clearly by Ehrenburg himself—that

all these people are on the verge of asking themselves, 'What are we here for?' And some of them are almost as close to asking themselves a question yet more significant, 'Is life worth living?' Are these petty intrigues, these flirtations, these arguments about housing versus the new precision-casting bay, these worries about promotion or demotion, these headaches and anxieties, the whole end and aim of being? Is this the New Order for which millions of lives were expended? In this book are symptoms of a deep-seated disillusion: the triumph over the Germans, for instance, seems scarcely anything more than an unpleasant business in which some of these people lost friends or lovers. These are not men and women who want a revolution or a restoration. They are looking, rather, for some clue to the meaning of life; but, cut off from the Past, they find it difficult and even dangerous to carry their curiosity very far.

It is not fear, however, that these people commonly suffer from: it is boredom. Now and then some gargoyle face peers out of Ehrenburg's pages, as when a tenth-grade girl is expelled from the Comsomol on vague charges, or when Juravliov is removed by the Head Office. ('Where was Juravliov? What had become of him? Not a living soul remembers. A storm comes, gives a lot of trouble and passes over; who remembers it once it has stopped roaring?') There is no mention of the secret police or the Siberian camps. Yet probably we would fall into error if we were to treat Ehrenburg's picture of an administrative class comparatively secure and placid as mere sham. It has now been more than three decades since the end of the Russian Revolution; and fanaticism, with its spies and purges, weakens in that length of time, in defiance of all the endeavours of a ministry of propaganda. Any quasi-reasonable political régime, once all effectual opposition is eliminated, will endeavour to rule by custom and persuasion, not by terror. The heartless struggle for power, with its conspiracies and betrayals, will continue among the people who lust after power, in the upper reaches of Party and Army and Bureaucracy and Police; yet to the placid shallows of provincial towns and conveyor-belt factories will return some considerable measure of peace and toleration, lacking which even a Marxist society cannot get its day's work done. The people in *The Thaw* are somewhat nervous: the possibility of a reprimand from central authority, a transfer to unknown regions, an irremediable blight to a career, a denunciation by a committee, never is quite thrust out of con-

sciousness; but they may expect, by and large, to get on in their world, if they conform to the slogans of the moment and do not trouble themselves with speculation. Volodya the painter knows how to walk discreetly and how to paint factory-directors likely to succeed. Writers aren't paid to have ideas, he says. 'All that happens to you with ideas is that you break your neck. What you're meant to look for in a book is ideology. If it's there, what more d'you want? It's lunatics that have ideas.' The Second Congress of Writers echoed him.

Ideas abjured, these middle-class comrades may sleep reasonably sound. Escape from less tangible anxieties, however, remains difficult. Those vexatious questions, 'What are we here for?' and 'Is life worth living?' have a way of creeping back into the mind of the most orthodox Communist. They plague especially the administrative and artistic classes which Ehrenburg describes, possessed of just enough comfort and just enough leisure to make them inquire whether comfort and leisure are all that life ever can afford. These people, by the triumph of the Revolutionary doctrines from which none of them venture to dissent, have been deprived of nearly all the old motives to integrity which have governed mankind since men entered upon the civil social state, and of nearly all the old rewards. These people are fed; they are housed; they enjoy some idleness; but that is all.

Though theirs is not a society in which love lies dead, still love is very sick. In its ancient meaning, love is intensely private. The Soviet state is inimical to real privacy. Ehrenburg hints at the conflict between personal loyalty and the demands made by the production-consumption society, in which everyone (as in *Brave New World*) belongs to everyone else. Not that the lovers of *The Thaw* are promiscuous: with one or two exceptions, they are almost Victorian in their proprieties—though still too free for the Congress of Soviet Writers. At the back of these lovers' difficulties, rather, seems to be a feeling that something is wrong with tenderness—possibly it is anti-social. Everything in life is supposed to contribute to the material betterment of the masses: well, what is love good for, and what is marriage good for? In the Soviet society, marriage is simply a union for physical satisfaction and procreation in the interest of the state. Lacking spiritual sanction, or any aspiration towards continuity and immortality in the classical and Christian tradition of family, love is truly blind in this new domination. These people do not defy the state by secret

indulgence in lust, like the rebels in Orwell's 1984: lust of any description is no strong factor in their lives; they merely ask about love, as about most other things in life, 'What is the meaning of all this?' And no one gives them an answer—certainly not Ilya Ehrenburg.

If the sense of meaning in life that comes with enduring love is difficult to attain in this modern Russian society, the sense of meaning that comes with lasting achievement is in worse plight: for under the cloak of collective benevolence this society has been atomized, and that delicate growth which constitutes true community has been destroyed. The provincial town in *The Thaw* seems no better than a collection of barracks and impermanent flats, in which men and women exist after the fashion of what Burke called 'the flies of a summer', generation scarcely linking with generation, family reduced to the most tenuous of bonds between husband and wife or mother and son, state disciplines and decrees substituted for that complex of affection and common interest which made the old Russian family—even at its worst, as in Gorki's novels—a great power for good. The instinct of the stronger and better natures in every generation to pass on some tangible advantage or permanent possession to their children has been thwarted in obedience to Marxist dogma. Even the successful intriguer cannot spend his money in any way very satisfactory to himself. Volodya, musing on how he will use the fat fee from his latest politic portrait, says to himself, 'Shall I buy a "Victory"? Nice to speed on the road, everything flickers past, you haven't time to notice anything. Not worth it, perhaps, better give half to Mother . . .' Everything flickers past. The Revolutionary Utopia, after three decades, has faded away to this boredom with the present and this indifference to the future. Nearly fifty years ago, Graham Wallas, in his *Human Nature in Politics*, while confessing it possible that a desire for property might be ineradicable in human nature, speculated as to just how little and how abstract this property might be made without outraging the instinct. The society which Ehrenburg describes seems to have passed that limit of discretion long ago. The salaried administrative and 'intellectual' circles with which he is familiar enjoy many comforts and even luxuries: but they have been deprived of the possibility of enduring accomplishment, either in the sense of material possessions or of family continuity. Thus they languish in an apathy which dismays Ehrenburg himself.

Tanechka the actress, thinking of the approaching summer with a sodden resignation, expresses this whole mood of futility, somehow more depressing than nearly anything in Gogol or Dostoevski: 'She would apply to go to Zelenino, that suited her purse. But she could see it all in advance: conversation at lunch on the benefits of steamed cutlets for those who were taking the cure; picking worm-eaten mushrooms in the afternoon; somebody getting drunk at dinner and making a scene which everybody else would go on chewing over; then the crossword from the *Ogoniok*, with twenty people torturing themselves over a mineral of six letters starting with B.'

Boredom of this description is not peculiar to modern Russia; but one of the oppressive and significant revelations of this disturbing novel is the fact that very little *except* this boredom is left to active natures under the Soviet régime. Those at the very top, it is true, may console themselves with the great and terrible game of power, what Orwell called 'stamping forever on a human face'; the rest find even lively conversation beyond their abilities, because the principal topics of interesting talk are either dangerous or else accepted as being for ever settled by official Soviet philosophy. The Old Bolsheviks thought they were opening illimitable vistas to humanity; in fact, they were sealing up every avenue of escape from a technological prison. *The Thaw* constitutes a confession that no radical political or economic device can succeed in liberating mankind from the ills to which flesh is heir. John Adams, in the midst of an earlier revolution inspired by similar delusions of social perfectibility, foresaw the consequences of a fatuous optimism:

Amid all their exultations, Americans and Frenchmen should remember that the perfectibility of man is only human and terrestrial perfectibility. Cold will still freeze, and fire will never cease to burn; disease and vice will continue to disorder, and death to terrify mankind. Emulation next to self-preservation will forever be the great spring of human actions, and the balance of a well-ordered government will alone be able to prevent that emulation from degenerating into dangerous ambition, irregular rivalries, destructive factions, wasting seditions, and bloody civil wars.

Only now, after thirty years of hacking brutally at the Past, are thinking men in Russia beginning to listen furtively to such vaticinations.

No counter-revolutionary shows his face in Ehrenburg's por-

trait-gallery. Yet the very ennui which disheartens the better men and women in *The Thaw* may give some promise of a Russian regeneration. Smugness, far more than positive oppression, is a common cause of the fall of tyrannies. No régime ever was smugger than the Soviet political power, or more inimical to a liberal understanding. Boredom with the featureless uniformity of Russian life may penetrate even to the ruthless little knots of men who play the grim game of power, so that they may grow weary of the whole vast undertaking. And there is this, at least, to be learnt from *The Thaw*: the heart seems to be gone out of the party of proletarian revolution, so that, supposing the Western world can hold its lines against the present physical power of Russia for some years or decades, the forces of traditional society and morality may hope to win the battle for men's minds against a fanatic ideology, an armed doctrine, already far sunk in decadence.

* * *

A hundred years ago, Turgenev, just returned from his exile at Orel, was the dominant figure in Russian letters. Like Ehrenburg recently, he had offended the state censors; and, not being the man to apologize, had spent three years in retirement. The gulf between Turgenev and Ehrenburg is sufficient to refute the whole idea of Progress. The year 1918 did not merely bring a change to Russian literature: it put an end to Russian literature. If one contrasts the strength and variety of Russian writing in the nineteenth century with the present outpourings of the writer-bureaucrats, he is struck most forcibly by the swiftness with which Russian civilization has fallen into decadence. About the middle of the nineteenth century, it seemed to many critics that Russian literature was destined to succeed to the ascendancy which English and French had maintained for centuries. Though often gloomy and eccentric, Russian writing was marked by an intellectual penetration and a power of style which the older European literatures seemed unable to match any longer. This Russian literature continued to grow in influence during the latter half of the nineteenth century, the work of Dostoievski, Chekhov, and Tolstoi presaging a future Russian domination of imaginative and critical writing. The Revolution put an end to all that.

Is there anyone left nowadays simple enough to maintain that the devastation of Russian civilization has been merely the work

of Wicked Men in the Kremlin? This was the theory of the Trotskyites, who are nearly extinct: the notion that, despite Evil being no more than a consequence of social conditions, somehow the Revolution had slipped into the hands of Wicked Men, Stalinists, who perverted the pure doctrines of Marx and Lenin. Until very recently, some people in the West clung to the hope that some particular faction of beneficent Communists might yet occupy the seats of the mighty in the Kremlin and bring sweetness and light unto the masses. But these vagrant dreams seem to be dissipated nearly everywhere now, and it is increasingly clear, even to the men and women who for a great while were the most ardent of fellow-travellers, that the evil lies in the very system of thought called Marxism. The terrible decay of Russian literature is produced directly by Marxism, and cannot be arrested so long as the Marxist ideology prevails.

I do not mean merely that the orthodox Marxist is intolerant. Intolerance, taken by itself, is no great obstacle to high achievement in letters. As Dr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn observed to me recently, a certain degree of intolerance, censorship, and state surveillance is a positive stimulus to poet, novelist, and critic. The creative mind, thus challenged, exercises all its ingenuity to baffle the obscurants—sometimes through satire, sometimes through outright defiance, sometimes through dissimulation, sometimes by converting the obscurants themselves. So it was in Imperial Russia: the repressive inclination of the state actually helped to nourish the richness and vitality of nineteenth-century Russian writing. Official frowns operated to augment, rather than to crush, a literature of protest. Even if banished to the provinces or compelled to take sanctuary abroad, the author retained a following and (like the *philosophes* of the Old Régime in France) ordinarily had friends at court. Censorship only increased the desire of the rising generation to read the prohibited books.

But the foregoing is true only of limited intolerance. Imperial Russia was not intolerant in any thoroughgoing way. The man of letters was respected, even when he was feared; the influence of Christian morality, however much diluted or debased, forbade the political authority to be utterly ruthless in the repression of opinions; court and even bureaucracy were sprinkled with friends of liberal ideas; and the despotism of the Czars was not really efficient enough to crush the literary rebel out of existence. Therefore the opposition of the political régime was more stimulating to

freedom of thought and power of literary expression than any benevolent programme of grants-in-aid possibly could have been.

The intolerance of Soviet Russia, however, is unlimited. Before 1918, the rebellious author was confronted only by the power of government; now he is a rebel not simply against government, but against the state, against society, almost against humanity. The state is become all in all, leaving no sanctuaries for the dissenter. Turgenev, at Orel, could live in comfort and safety, the only privation he endured being separation from the life of the capital—a banishment like that of Ovid to the pleasant shores of the Euxine. A country gentleman of large private means, Turgenev could reside in Baden-Baden and Paris, when he chose, for as long as he chose. Now the situation of persons like Ehrenburg is vastly different. Ehrenburg, far from being a rebel against the state, is a part of the state, a bureaucrat, a Party functionary; he could not subsist if his works were disapproved, even though immunity from positive punishment were guaranteed to him. In modern Russia, the writer can eat only if he is servile, a state servant. He has no means of his own, and the private patron has been liquidated. The state is the only publisher. Other state servants are the only readers. Ehrenburg is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet and a member of the Soviet commission on foreign affairs: to rebel would not be merely to destroy himself, but to deny himself. Thus the Soviets have gone beyond intolerance by leaving no one in a position to ask for toleration.

I do not mean to imply that the career of the writer or the scholar was a cheerful one in Imperial Russia. When Razumov, in Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*, announces that he intends 'to retire—simply to retire', Councillor Mikulin says to him, quietly and finally, 'Where to?' There was nowhere in Russia for Razumov to lie hid from the whirlwind of politics. But what was difficult forty or fifty years ago has now become impossible: Ehrenburg would not even dare to think of retiring. Intolerance no longer contents itself with suppressing active opposition, but insists upon obtaining active endorsement. And that means the death of literature, as we have known it for seven or eight centuries, and the death of all art. The commissar says, with Juravliov, 'Koroteyev was quite right in attacking novelists—we are living in historical times, decent people have no time for intrigues.' The task for the writer, under the intolerant régime of the new sort, is to stimulate production, to induce conformity among the masses, to popularize the

decisions of the masters of the state. There will be no time left over for bothering with the intricacies of human nature and the secrets of human longing.

Suppose, however, that somehow the Soviet régime should be transmogrified into an association of persons liberal of intellect and intent upon restoring the vitality of Russian literature: what then? Suppose that the Supreme Soviet should come round to the way of thinking of their deputy Ehrenburg, and perceive, with Ehrenburg's creation Koroteyev, the urgent necessity for something to wake mind and conscience: what then? Koroteyev says, 'We have taken a lot of trouble over one half of the human being, but the other half is neglected. The result is that one half of the house is a slum. I remember that article of Gorky's I read long ago, while I was still at school; he said we needed our own Soviet humanism. The word has been forgotten, the task is still to be done. In those days it was only a presentiment, now it's time we tackled it.'

A Soviet humanism? Who will be the Soviet Erasmus? Humanism, true humanism, drew its vigour from the conviction that man was something more than merely human, that there was law for man and law for thing, and that the disciplinary arts of *humanitas* taught a man his rights, his duties, and his station as a truly human person. Humanism and Marxism—to employ another word from *The Devil's Dictionary*—are impossible. It is possible to conceive of Russian humanism, but not of Soviet humanism. And the distinction is not merely one of toleration and good intentions. For the Marxist ideology destroys the very situations and themes that inspire humane letters. 'This novel touches on a raw spot,' Savchenko says of the young writer's work in *The Thaw*. 'The public is longing for such books.' Even a generation of dialectical materialism has not utterly rooted up the taste for humane letters, apparently; but it may have put an end to the possibility of satisfying that longing.

For it seems to me that four principal themes have inspired our chief works of imaginative literature, from the great age of Greece to our own Wasteland. The first of these is religion: the description of the order that is more than human and more than natural, as in Hesiod's *Theogony* or in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The second of these is love: the devotion of a truly human person to a truly human person, as in the mediaeval romances or in the great Victorian novels. The third of these is heroism: the triumph of

honour, duty, and fortitude, as in the *Aeneid* or in Mallory. The fourth of these is private fortune: the adventures of human individuals within the labyrinth of a diversified society of classes and orders, as in *Don Quixote* or in *Tom Jones*.

Now none of these themes or sources of inspiration is available to the Marxist writer. Religion has become the opiate of the masses: it is forbidden. Love has become the gratification of physical impulse: it is merely tolerated. Heroism has become service to the production-consumption state: it is servile. Private fortune, with the abolition of class and order and social diversity, has become subversive: it is anathema. Just what subjects and sources remain to humane letters? Only, it appears, those endless romances of production-goals in a tractor-factory which bore Ilya Ehrenburg out of countenance, and those fulminations against the Wicked American Capitalist which now ring false even to the provincial middle-class intellectuals of *The Thaw*. I do not believe that humane letters owe allegiance to any particular political programme, or any especial economic scheme; yet there are social systems which mean the death of art, dominations under which humanism is impossible; and Marxism is such a system or domination carried to its logical extreme.

Mr. Lionel Trilling, in *The Liberal Imagination*, suggests that imaginative literature, along with most of the prescriptive values of Western civilization, seems to be quite worn out: 'It is not then unreasonable to suppose that we are at the close of a cultural cycle, that the historical circumstances which called forth the particular intellectual effort in which we once lived and moved and had our being is now at an end, and that the novel as part of that effort is as deciduous as the rest.' He does not elevate this speculation to the condition of a dogma; indeed, he proposes alternatives. But he does trace with some pains the connexion between the decay of traditional society and the decay of imaginative literature. As the old faith in religion, love, and heroism has decayed, and even more as a society of class and variety—a society in which it is possible to fall and to rise, and in which there exist innumerable human persons quite different from one another—has eroded to the dry plain of equalitarian uniformity, so have the confidence and courage and inspiration of the humane writer sunk down to a spiritless naturalism or a grubby nihilism. This has been the progress from Turgenev to Ehrenburg—or, to make the contrast greater even at the peril of bathos, from Shakespeare to Ehrenburg. I think it will

be unavailing merely to whisper, with Ehrenburg, that literature ought to be something better than state propaganda. No other sort of literature is conceivable in a condition of totalist collectivism.

Savchenko, the romantic engineer, near the end of *The Thaw*, bursts into a timorous gaiety: 'Our factory is wonderful. I like seeing it all as in a picture-book; first our conveyor-belt—that's easy, I see that every day; then another factory where our machines are making tractors, then huge tractors rushing out into the steppe, then corn, lots and lots of corn, and the country growing richer, stronger, and then Communism. . . . Anybody would feel happy in such a factory. And there are other things: there's *Hamlet*.'

Yes: there's *Hamlet*. There's Communism, an abstraction somewhere in the remote future, after everyone has plenty of corn; and there's *Hamlet*. Communism may be universal long after *Hamlet* has been forgotten—but not until. 'Man is a pliable animal,' Dostoevski says, 'a being who gets accustomed to everything.' I still hope that this generalization has its bounds.

LATTER-DAY RECUSANTS

By T. A. BIRRELL

THE cinema and the newspapers and novels of today provide us with a staple diet of men on the run, spies, informers, bogus plots and forced confessions. It is not surprising, therefore, that Elizabethan recusant history is enjoying at the moment a mild boom; we ourselves live much more closely to the atmosphere of terror than our Victorian forebears, and it is easier for us than for them to get the feel of the world of John Gerard and Edmund Campion. The history of the Catholic recusants of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries will never be popular in that sense, it lacks the glamour of the 'heroic age' and will always remain more or less a closed covert for the antiquarian and the professional historian.

Fr. Dockery's recent book¹ seeks to shed some light on one of the figures of the pre-Emancipation period. The life of Peter Barnardine Collingridge, O.F.M. (1757-1829), has a threefold interest. Firstly as the leading figure and sometime Provincial of the dwindling body of English Franciscans; secondly, as a Vicar Apostolic in that Cinderella (or white elephant) of the Vicariates, the Western District; and thirdly, as one of the figures, albeit a minor one, involved in the thorny questions of Catholic politics prior to Emancipation.

The most readable and informative part of Fr. Dockery's book is that which deals with Franciscan affairs, and it is to be hoped that this original material will some day be systematically incorporated into a full history of the Province. It is primarily due to Collingridge that the tiny group of Observant Franciscans in England—reduced indeed to the proportions of that happy little band chronicled by Eccleston nearly six centuries before—managed to retain their individuality as a province until they were able to flourish once again in the late nineteenth century. The healthy proliferation of the religious orders in England today makes us prone to judge too hastily those like Bishop Baines who

¹ J. B. Dockery, O.F.M., M.A. (Cantab.), *Collingridge: a Franciscan Contribution to Catholic Emancipation* (R. H. Johns, Newport, Mon. n.d. [? 1954]. 25s.)

advocated a policy of secularizing and co-ordinating the smaller groups of religious. What a wonderful 'planner' Baines would have been. Leaving aside the question of his personal vanity and ambition, we cannot help feeling that in terms of worldly prudence Baines's policy was right: the organization of the English mission—above all in the Western District—presented an extraordinary picture of improvisation and 'muddle through' in the first half of the nineteenth century. Surely the most logical thing to do was to centralize and co-ordinate. Baines's undoubted efforts to dislodge the Observant Franciscans were thwarted by Collingridge, and in his later efforts against the Benedictines one can only feel that at Downside Baines met his Crichel Down. Subsequent history has vindicated the apparently last-ditch attitude of the Franciscans and the Benedictines.

But of all the Vicariates in the Bleak Age of English Catholicism, the Western District really was the bleakest. Its history since the Revolution had been a chequered one—for twenty-seven years it had been without a bishop, thanks largely to the suicidal feuds between the seculars and regulars. It had no seminary; geographically it was a monstrosity. Its Vicars Apostolic, usually aged, ailing and by no means wealthy, were expected to cover an area from Wales to Cornwall, and that at a time when there was no Severn Tunnel, and every journey had to be made via Gloucester. It goes without saying that in such circumstances Wales and Cornwall had been virtually lost to the Mission long before the nineteenth century. The little Franciscan mission was doing what it could in South Wales,¹ and Fr. Dockery's picture of Fr. Richards, O.F.M., 'the Apostle of Glamorgan', is delightful.² But a few pages later on we read of the difficulties that Collingridge encountered when he asked Bishop Poynter of the London District for the services of a Welsh-speaking priest, Fr. Havard. Poynter's reply is a monument of petty-minded officialdom.³

Apart from Plymouth, Bristol and Bath, and the areas round monastic and conventual establishments and a few country houses, missionary activity was decidedly on the ebb.⁴ Individual patronage of country stations by the few surviving Catholic land-

¹ Together of course with the long-established Jesuit mission at Holywell.

² Dockery, pp. 138 sq.

³ Dockery, p. 142.

⁴ If Bishop Baines's statistics for 1840 are to be trusted, the tide had perceptibly turned before the middle of the century. Cf. W. M. Brady, *The Episcopal Succession . . .*, Vol. III (Rome, 1877), pp. 314 sq.

owners was no longer an effective answer to the missionary problem, and the growth of Catholic congregations in the new urban centres had not yet really begun. It is pitiful to see what had happened to such traditionally Catholic counties as Monmouth and Hereford, which had been flourishing even in the late seventeenth century. On the credit side, Collingridge deserves all praise for his foresight in trying to provide missions at Newport and Merthyr.

Collingridge's letters provide an admirable picture of the day-to-day life of a pre-Emancipation bishop, even though we may suspect that Fr. Dockery may tend at times to overestimate the capacities of his hero.

But when Fr. Dockery comes to deal with the political problems with which Collingridge had to deal, we must regretfully point out that his book is by no means adequate. The entire question of the attitude of the English Recusants of this period to the problems presented by the Emancipation question are so complex, and the assessment of individual motives so precarious, that we must be convinced that any writer on the subject is possessed of the necessary historical equipment. This, we must reluctantly point out, Fr. Dockery lacks.

On the purely technical side, his handling of manuscript material leaves much to be desired. He almost constantly omits to cite the day of the month of the letters which he quotes, thus making them unnecessarily difficult to trace. We have taken the trouble of checking some of the correspondence cited in Chapters IV and V, and find it abounds in errors of transcription. On p. 80 a letter of 1818 is cited under 1808 and has six errors in fifteen lines. On p. 87 what is cited as 'part of a letter' of 14 February 1810 in Westminster Archives is in fact part of a draft of a letter which exists in its entirety in print in exactly the same volume of the Archives. This letter refers to the famous 'Fifth Resolution' at the meeting in the St. Albans Tavern, 'at which alone,' says Collingridge, 'I was present.' Fr. Dockery's footnote, 'yet according to other accounts Poynter also was present', makes us think that either Fr. Dockery cannot understand plain English, or else he does not know much about the history of the period. What Collingridge clearly means is that he was present at the St. Albans Tavern meeting and not at the previous informal meeting at Doran's Hotel.¹

¹ F. C. Husenbeth, *The Life of the Rev. John Milner, D.D.* . . . (Dublin, 1862), p. 172.

On the same page Fr. Dockery quotes what he calls 'an extremely important letter' from Collingridge to Poynter on 8 May 1810, accusing Milner of having told Lord Clifford that he might sign the resolutions. *Why* the letter is now so extremely important is difficult to understand. This accusation has already been made in print against Milner, and has been answered by Husenbeth in his biography of Milner.¹ In all fairness, Fr. Dockery might have given us Milner's side of the case as well, instead of producing an old charge as if it were some new discovery.

On p. 90 Milner's accusation that Collingridge was influenced in signing the resolutions by a subscription from the Catholic gentry is refuted by a letter from Collingridge to Milner which Fr. Dockery cites as his authority for saying that 'the subscription was begun two or three years before the 5th Resolution was composed'. In fact the letter in question states that the subscription was *projected* two or three years before, and *begun* one year before the Resolution. If we are going to have the facts, let us have them right.

Another instance of slipshod citation is on the following page (p. 91), where five lines are given in inverted commas as being a direct quotation from a letter of 20 September 1810—in fact they are a summary of the document in what are presumably Fr. Dockery's own words.

To justify Collingridge's behaviour in the events of 1810–11, Fr. Dockery thinks it necessary to make Milner the whipping-boy. Collingridge's approval of the 5th Resolution was as much due to his political innocence as to anything else. He did not realize that it had been drafted with the approval of Lord Grenville, and that its loose wording was deliberately intended to imply an acceptance of the Veto. But in the affair of the Abbé Trévaux (which Fr. Dockery mentions on p. 95, but makes no attempt to explain), the attitude of Collingridge and of most of the Vicars Apostolic was really irresponsible. Trévaux was one of the French émigré clergy who had been suspended for subscribing to a printed attack on Papal authority, and the suspension had been made with the joint concurrence of the Irish as well as the English bishops. Trévaux had made a form of retraction, and Bishop Douglas, to whose District Trévaux belonged, had restored his faculties. The Irish Hierarchy, led by Troy and by Milner their

¹ Husenbeth, p. 175.

agent, objected that the form of the retraction was insufficient to warrant restoration of faculties, and that a priest who had been suspended with the approval of all should have been restored with the approval of all. Bishop Douglas was a man of peace, and in a touching letter to Poynter of 6 August 1811¹ took the responsibility of his action entirely on himself, and urged that the answer to Archbishop Troy should be a mild one. He wanted at all costs unity between the Irish and English episcopate: 'I trust no real cause has been given by me to make any of my Brethren break communion with me. . . . If I have been betrayed into an error in this act of lenity, the error was not wilful.' But it was Poynter and Collingridge who inflamed this question into a matter for a breach between England and Ireland. Collingridge's approach to the Irish criticism was hot-headed and irresponsible: 'If such unlimited pretensions for interference be once allowed to pass into precedent, I for one would not hesitate to beseech His Holiness to release me from the burden of office become insupportable and hereafter quite ineffective in the exercise of any part of its authority.'² This shows little of 'the characteristic humility' which Fr. Dockery tells us (p. 91) that Collingridge possessed.

But enough of irritating particularities. What is fundamentally lacking in Collingridge, and in Collingridge's biographer, is the awareness of the deep historical roots of the deplorable quarrels and misunderstandings in which almost every recusant of note at the dawn of Emancipation took sides. As Milner put it in a letter of 31 August 1818, 'it is evident to me that a considerable degree of party spirit which was the bane of our mission during the seventeenth century actuates too many of my brethren in the nineteenth'.³ Unlike Collingridge, most of the leading latter-day recusants, Milner included, were steeped in the recusant writings of the seventeenth century, and all the moves for government toleration in the nineteenth century are paralleled by similar moves in the seventeenth.

The great stumbling-block in the seventeenth century was the Oath of Allegiance, condemned by the Pope, but supported by some of the recusant clergy and laity. Into every offer of toleration in the seventeenth century, successive governments, working on the staple principle of divide and rule, managed to incorporate

¹ Westminster Archives.

² Westminster Archives, 24 July 1811. The innocuous parts of the letter are quoted by Fr. Dockery, p. 94.

³ Archives of the English Province, S.J.

the Oath in order to split Catholic opinion. Anyone who looks through the famous letter of 1 September 1789 from Charles Butler to the Vicars Apostolic cannot fail to be struck by Butler's approving citation of Preston's defence of the Oath and of Peter Walsh's Irish Remonstrance.¹ Butler's Blue Books of November 1789² also quote approvingly the same and other seventeenth-century attempts at compromise on this question. Even so reputable a figure as Lingard defends the Oath, and cites constantly and approvingly the renegade Franciscan Redmond Caron, author of the *Remonstrantia Hibernorum*.³ The extremist defenders of the Oath in the pre-Emancipation period, Joseph Berington and Charles O'Connor,⁴ give their case away completely in the eyes of the modern reader, for they argue that the recusant martyrs who died for refusing the Oath were not martyrs at all—a view not held by the Sacred Congregation of Rites which has in the twentieth century beatified them. Milner's attitude has often been misunderstood because his principal political achievements were in wrecking government efforts to introduce measures of toleration which included oaths or other measures (such as the Veto) which interfered unwarrantably with Papal authority. He has been accorded the sort of grudging admiration that one gives to a man who goes 'misère' on a 'nap' hand. But a careful reading of his letters will show that he was far from being a mere intransigent. Milner, like Archbishop Troy, was perfectly willing that the Catholics should offer 'a pure and unconditional oath of loyalty',⁵ but not that this should take the form of an Oath which involved anything of a religious nature. Milner's loyalty was of the old-fashioned sort—love God, honour the King. He certainly used the radical journals, Cobbett's *Register* and W. E. Andrews' *Orthodox Journal*, but that was because he wanted to gain as popular a platform as possible for airing the Emancipation issue. He parted with Andrews (on terms of mutual respect) when the latter came more and more to mix radicalism with Catholicism, and in later life he considered Cobbett's interest in Ireland as being more political than religious.

Milner had been blamed for acting as agent for the Irish

¹ B.M., MS. Add. 14422 f. 43v and f. 45r.

² B.M. MS. Add. 7962 f. 19r–20v.

³ Cf. *A Collection of Tracts* . . . by the Rev. J. Lingard (London, 1826), pp. 265 sq.

⁴ Cf. J. Berington, *Memoirs of Gregorio Panzani* . . . (Birmingham, 1793), pp. 85–6; and C. O'Connor, *Columbanus*, No. VI . . . (Buckingham, 1813), p. 116.

⁵ Letter to Fr. Chas. Plowden, 27 January 1791, Arch. Eng. Prov., S. J.

Hierarchy (cf. Fr. Dockery, p. 93). The charge goes back a long way, for when Cardinal Consalvi came to England he saw the Catholics as being divided into two camps. On the one hand Milner and the Irish, making themselves a nuisance to the government, on the other the remaining Vicars Apostolic, peaceable and on good terms with the government. Milner he describes as 'uomo di buonissime massime, ed assai attaccato alla Sta. Sede, ma di testa caldissima, ed intrigante molto e perciò invississimo al Governo'.¹ Castlereagh had dropped Consalvi the hint, in no uncertain terms, that he would be glad if the Pope would get rid of Milner.² Now without doubting Consalvi's good faith (we recall Milner's comments on him: 'That low church Cardinal' and 'Thank God he is not a priest!')³ we must realize that Consalvi's aim was not Catholic Emancipation. He was the emissary of the hard-pressed Papacy; he had come to England to ingratiate himself with Castlereagh and gain British recognition of the Papal States at the Congress of Vienna. Catholics who were out of favour with the Ministry were out of favour with him, and he and Pacca did all they could to repress the activities of Milner and of the Irish Hierarchy and to support the policy of Poynter and the other English Vicars Apostolic. We cannot take as impartial Consalvi's estimate of Milner's alliance with the Irish Hierarchy. If we look at the situation from the historical English recusant viewpoint, what was odd was surely not that one English Vicar Apostolic was acting as agent for the Irish Hierarchy, but that all the English Vicars Apostolic were not eager to try to co-operate with the Irish Catholics on the Emancipation issue. It is sad but true that governments, and especially British ones, do not make concessions out of grace and favour; they only yield when they can do little else. Castlereagh may not have liked the numerical strength, the political danger, and the general nuisance-value of Irish Catholicism, but it was certainly something he could not ignore. The English Catholics by themselves were an insignificant group who could be ignored with impunity.

But furthermore, if we look to the seventeenth century, we shall see the historical precedents for considering the political problems of the English and Irish Catholics as being, in government eyes, inseparable. Ever since the time of the Confederacy the

¹ I. Rinieri, *Il Congresso di Vienna e la S. Sede* . . . (Rome, 1904), p. 171.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 174-5.

³ Milner to F. Plowden, 23 May 1819, Arch. Eng. Prov., S.J.; and W. E. Andrews, *The Truthteller* (3 June 1826), p. 282.

relationship of English and Irish Catholics to the Royalists was inseparably linked, whether the Catholics themselves liked it or not. At the Restoration the Dean and Chapter of the English Secular Clergy threw in their support on the side of the Irish Remonstrants,¹ who were clearly being used by the government as a stalking-horse for the domination of the Irish Church. To the Irish clergy in the early nineteenth century the discussion of the 'Veto' provoked memories of the attempts, albeit unsuccessful, of the Restoration government to dominate the National Synod.² By the time of the Emancipation period the Irish had learnt their lesson; they had no vocal 'compromise' party. So whereas in the seventeenth century an alliance between the English Chapter and the Irish Remonstrants had served the purpose of weakening the Catholic front, Milner's alliance with the Irish Hierarchy was a move to strengthen the position. The historical precedent for an alliance was there, albeit the purpose of such an alliance was directly the opposite. Consalvi, and Poynter and the other Vicars Apostolic, could hardly blame Milner for taking his chance.

The question of the Jesuits is bound up with the question of the Oath of Allegiance and of toleration in general, and it goes back to well before the days of the Gunpowder Plot. From the very beginning of the seventeenth century, if not before, there had been a group of Catholics who maintained that the presence of the Society in England was the main obstacle to toleration of Catholics by the English Government. The government itself, for obvious reasons, did little to discourage this view; a bone of contention among the recusants themselves was a far more satisfactory way of weakening the Catholic body than any form of overt persecution. It is a mistake to think that the attempts to sell the Jesuits 'down the river' ended with the Civil Wars. The anti-Jesuit campaign reopened with renewed vigour after 1660. At the meetings of the Catholic body to negotiate with Clarendon the Jesuits were specifically excluded; they were attacked in print by the Irish Remonstrant Fr. Peter Walsh and by Dr. Henry Holden of the Sorbonne, who urged them in no uncertain terms to clear out of the country; an Appellant Manifesto was reprinted in 1675; and at the height of the Popish Plot persecution two members of the English Secular Clergy Chapter came forward to

¹ Cf. Letter of the Dean and Chapter to the Bishop of Dromore, 18 October 1662, cited in Peter Walsh's *History and Vindication of the Loyal Formulary* . . . 1674, pp. 55-6.

² Walsh, *History and Vindication* . . . 1674, p. 640; and T. Carte, *History of the Life of James Duke of Ormonde* . . . (London, 1736), Vol. II, Appendix, p. 101.

calumniate the Jesuits in public, both in print and before the House of Commons.¹ In fact, the government could always maintain the split among the recusants so long as they kept the Oath of Allegiance on the *tapis* and so long as 'subservience to a foreign power' could be used as an effective slogan by any irresponsible politician.

The period preceding Emancipation covered the Suppression and the Restoration of the Society. The problem for the Jesuits in England was, under the Suppression, to preserve at least their corporate identity as 'the Gentlemen of Stonyhurst' and maintain the privileges of Stonyhurst as a Pontifical College, and then, after the Restoration, to secure from the Vicars Apostolic the effective recognition of the implications of the general Restoration for the Society in England. Now the Vicars Apostolic (with the notable exception of Milner) had been more or less unhelpful towards the Gentlemen of Stonyhurst, and as fabian as possible in the recognition of the Restoration of the Society. We would not of course suggest for a moment that the attitude of the nineteenth-century Vicars Apostolic was inspired by the utterly unchristian bitterness of a Watson, a Walsh or a Sergeant. Nor indeed that the mentality of a Pitt or a Grenville was inspired by the motives of a Cecil or even a Clarendon. The later Hanoverian governments, despite their lipservice to the Church of England, had a purely secular approach to the problem. Their only trouble was that the Jesuit issue could still be made politically 'hot' by any irresponsible demagogue or fanatical ecclesiastic of the Establishment, and the Vicars Apostolic were prepared to satisfy the government by 'soft-peddalling' such a controversial issue as far as was morally possible. It is certainly true that the Vicar Apostolic who finally secured from Rome in 1829 the technical instrument restoring the Society in England was Collingridge. But when such a distinguished historian of recusancy as Fr. Godfrey Anstruther, O.P., is capable, in his brief review of *Collingridge* in *The Tablet* last year, of combining a general attack on Milner with praise of Collingridge for the latter's part in the restoration of the Society, then it is time that a clearer statement of the case should be made.

Of Collingridge's attitude to the Jesuits it is sufficient to say,

¹ Cf. Southwark Archdiocesan Archives MS. 106, III, p. 391; P. Walsh, *The More Ample Accompt* . . . (London, 1662), p. 106; *The Jesuits Reasons Unreasonable* . . . (London, 1662), pp. 20-21 (this was reprinted in 1675 and 1688); H. Holden, *Check, or Inquiry* . . . (1662); *A Collection of Several Treatises* . . . (London, 1675), Vols. II and III; P. Walsh, *An Answer to Three Treatises* . . . (London, 1678); *The Informations of John Sergeant and David Maurice relating to the Popish Plot* . . . (London, 1681).

bene sed tarde venisti. Collingridge's approach to the 'problem' of the Jesuits in England had shown no special warmth until a very late stage; so much is evident from Fr. Dockery's book itself. To Milner the credit is due for having championed them during and after the Suppression at a time when they most needed support. Furthermore, Milner's support of the Society was undertaken in no party spirit, but solely from the desire to secure as many priests as possible for the mission. Though he had several personal friends among the Jesuits, his attitude in all his dealings with the Society is objective and dispassionate, and marked by a degree of prudence that we would not expect if we read only Fr. Dockery, Fr. Anstruther, or Mr. Christopher Sykes.¹

In 1804 Milner's attitude to the restoration of the Society is cautious. As for the question of the ordination of students from Stonyhurst, he writes to Bishop Poynter (20 October 1804)² expressing his view that they should be examined by the Vicars Apostolic before ordination (contrary to the wishes of Fr. Stone, S.J.—and indeed contrary to the privileges granted in the Papal Brief of 15 October 1778),³ and querying Fr. Stone's right to decide which District the ordinands shall work in. He has decided to consecrate three Stonyhurst students 'on condition that we [the Vicars Apostolic] stand by the future decision of the Holy See'. Indeed, at this stage, Milner may have seemed far more cautious than Bishop Sharrock, O.S.B., who wrote on 4 November 1804⁴ to Bishop Douglas expressing the hope that the Society would be recognized in England, and that the 'prelaticall body' should stick together on the point, for 'if we break we are undone'.

The difficulties began of course from the failure of the Vicars Apostolic (including, at the outset, Bishop Milner) to recognize the peculiar status of Stonyhurst as a Missionary College, and from the reluctance of Bishop Gibson (in whose district Stonyhurst lay) to ordain candidates from Stonyhurst for the mission. The Vicars Apostolic might be excused for failing to recognize the restoration of the Society in England in 1803 in virtue of its reunion with the Russian Province, but no such excuses can be made for the delay in recognition of the Society from the time of the universal Restoration of 1814 till the eve of Emancipation in 1829.

¹ For a grotesque, inaccurate and Stracheyesque portrait of Milner see C. Sykes, *Two Studies in Virtue* (London, 1953), pp. 25–6.

² Westminster Archives.

³ Cf. John Gerard, S.J., *Stonyhurst College* . . . (Belfast, 1894), pp. 111 sq.

⁴ Westminster Archives.

The story of Milner's efforts at Rome in 1814 and 1815 on behalf of the Society, and of the opposing mission of Howard and Silvertop (in which Milner's championship of the Jesuits was but one item in the charges against him) are already well known. The strongest card that could be played against Milner and the Society was of course the desire to placate the government, who were as anxious as the Holy See to avoid the occasion for any public manifestation of anti-Jesuit bigotry. But there can be little doubt that Consalvi and the Cisalpines exaggerated the dangers.

But apart from the abstract expediency of the delay in recognizing the Society, the historical factor must again not be neglected. The entire situation in the nineteenth century must have evoked for Milner the memories of the unhappy conflicts of the seventeenth. Denial of recognition of the Society could not be justified on grounds of inopportunism alone—there was also a century and more of patent injustice to be put right.

Nevertheless, in his letters to his many friends in the Society,¹ Milner warns them of the dangers of urging their case too strongly: 'I am still undecided whether or no it is prudent to bring the cause of the Society before a bigotted and yet Deistical English Public. Should the Protestants declare against you, as I fear they will, depend upon it, your best friends among the Catholics . . . will give you up.' In a letter of 3 November 1815 to Fr. Tristram, S.J., he makes the point that any measures taken against the Jesuits must logically apply also to the other religious orders as well: 'It is next to impossible, in this age and country to frame an Act of Parliament against the clerks of the Society of Jesus which shall not equally attack all other Catholic clerks, and the very attempt to introduce such a bill would be so odious, as it would be a direct religious persecution, that few if any members could be found to second Sir John Hippisley in any experiment of this nature.' (Collingridge only got round to this way of thinking more than ten years later.) Milner further advises the Jesuits to avoid getting involved in public controversy themselves, and to leave the work to be done by outsiders like himself and Mr. Dallas. He ends characteristically with an expression of his distrust of the motives of the Catholic Board: 'There are not six in the whole number of them who however well-affected to the Society in other circumstances, would not send the whole of it to Botany Bay, in order to carry their darling Emancipation.'

¹ All subsequent citations are from Arch. Eng. Prov., S.J.

A word should be said here on Milner's handling of that venerable fire-eater, Fr. Robert Plowden, S.J., the details of whose conflict with Bishop Collingridge are treated of at length by Fr. Dockery. As early as 21 December 1813, Milner urged on Fr. Robert the inexpediency of his theological quarrel, and refused to authorize the latter's book on attrition if he published it in the Midland District. In 1815 (9 June) he offered to act as a moderator between Plowden and Collingridge, and in 1816 he reiterated his warning to Plowden against impugning the authority of Collingridge and points out the general ill effects of the controversy for Stonyhurst and for the Society in England.

In 1817 (15 July) he refused to engage in controversy with Collingridge on Plowden's behalf, and ultimately (10 October) refused to answer in person what he considered to be a too immoderate letter from Plowden. This resulted in a personal call from the latter, who after a visit of two days departed in a more peaceable state of mind. It will be seen from this episode that far from being an *agent provocateur*, Milner did his best to act as a peacemaker in the relations between individual members of the Society and his fellow Vicars Apostolic.

On the general aspects of the position of the Society in England his letter of 5 January 1821 (probably to Fr. Scott, S.J.) provides a convenient summary of his views:

Neither monks nor friars nor nuns nor the supremacy of His Holiness itself are recognized by our laws any more than Jesuits, but it answers the purposes of religion that they are tolerated, and so Jesuits are and will continue to be if jealous and narrow-minded Catholics did not excite opposition against them in England and Rome. What a shocking and sinful thing it is for Catholic Bishops who themselves are obnoxious to the Penal Laws in so many respects [to be] dabbling in the Penal Laws against Jesuits, who are so useful and even necessary to help them in taking care of their flocks. That these oppose their authority, or behave in any way disrespectfully or disorderly to them, I who am a competent judge in this matter maintain and am prepared openly to prove is a gross calumny. The late provincial Fr. Stone is and always was a model of humility and submission to authority and the present provincial, Fr. Charles Plowden, by his writings and his interest with the Weld family and other families and individuals, was the main support of the Pope's Vicars and the Pope's authority itself when a powerful combination among several of our Nobility and Gentry was bent upon their common destruction.¹ No doubt but our *No Popery*

¹ He is referring to the negotiations of 1788-91.

Ministers, as they are justly called, if asked the question, will answer that they wish the Jesuits to be abolished (they would make the same answer if they were asked about suppressing Monks and Nuns), but, in my opinion the Vicars Apostolic ought to be strictly prohibited from consulting or communicating with Protestant or Deistical ministers on the concerns of the Catholic religion. Let us express and prove our loyalty to the State, which no Catholics do more fully than the members of Stonyhurst; but let us treat about the concerns of our religion with the Holy See and among ourselves. That the opposition to Jesuits [in] England arises from certain Vicars Apostolic, backed by such Catholics as Mr. George Silvertop, and not from Ministers, is demonstrated by its not existing in Ireland, which is the principal object of Ministerial jealousy.

Milner certainly had no illusions; that he felt strongly the folly and injustice of the attitude of certain of his fellow Catholics in their hostility to the Society is due to his ever-present awareness of the historical background to the problem. But the underlying note of moderation, hope, and quiet confidence is typical of many other letters on the subject.

What started as a review of a book about Collingridge has ended up as a discussion of Milner. For Milner is the architect of Catholic Emancipation just as Allen and Parsons were the architects of the Counter Reformation in England. That Milner's standpoint was to be justified by the future course of events was not due to guesswork or to prophecy, but to his clear interpretation of the past. Milner and the latter-day recusants play out their rôles in the last act of tragedy on which the curtain went up with the accession of Elizabeth. In the latter half of the nineteenth century the stage was to be occupied by the converts of the Oxford Movement, new men who were more familiar with, let us say, the Arians of the fourth century than with the recusants of the seventeenth and eighteenth.

The bi-centenary of Milner's birth passed by unnoticed in our Catholic Press in 1952. He would scarcely have minded, for he was a very humble man. As he said himself, 'my object is, or ought to be, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* and the salvation of souls'.¹

NOTE.—I should like to express my appreciation of the facilities granted for the consultation and reproduction of MSS. in the custody of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.

¹ To Fr. Tristram, S.J., 17 October 1815.

THE CANONIZATION OF ST. THOMAS OF HEREFORD

By DECIMA DOUIE

CERTAIN vestments preserved in the hospital at Lisieux, a chasuble, a tunicle, an alb and two dalmatics, are described as having belonged to 'beatus T. de C.' The natural supposition would be that these, like the ones at Sens, had once been the property of St. Thomas of Canterbury. That saint, however, was never in Normandy during his exile, and the chasuble is not of the twelfth-century shape. The border of the tunicle is embroidered with a series of coats of arms, and armorials were rare in the period of St. Thomas. By deciphering the faded crest the French archaeologist M. de Mély (with the help of his friend Edmund Bishop) identified the owner of the vestments. It was the coat of arms of a famous mediaeval local family, the de Gurneys, and they originally belonged to St. Thomas de Cantilupe, bishop of Hereford (1275-82), the son of Melisand de Gurney, Countess of Evreux by her second marriage to William de Cantilupe, steward of the Household of Henry III. Thomas made the abbey of Lyre, with which his see had connexions, and which is in the vicinity of Lisieux, his headquarters when he was in Normandy for nearly eighteen months, from the spring of 1280 to the autumn of 1281, and one of the miracles described in the canonization process, the raising of an apparently drowned child to life, took place during his stay there.¹

The possibility of a confusion between him and St. Thomas Becket would not have seemed possible at the time, for in 1320 when Cantilupe was canonized by John XXII, the last pre-Reformation Englishman except St. William of Bridlington to be elevated to the altars, Hereford had seemed likely to eclipse even Canterbury as a mediaeval Lourdes. In 1287, only five years after the saint's death, it had been necessary to translate the body from

¹ F. de Mély, 'Les Vêtements de St. Thomas de Cantiloup à Lisieux', *Revue de l'Art chrétien* (2me livraison) II. (mars 1891), pp. 91-103.

its original resting place in the Lady chapel to one near the altar of St. John in the north transept, where the empty shrine now stands, in order to give sufficient room to the crowds flocking to the tomb. On this occasion, according to the canonization proceedings, the stone slab covering the body was easily lifted by two pages, although it took ten men to replace it after the translation. The many sensational cures had made Hereford such an important centre of pilgrimage that even the neighbouring cathedral of Worcester found its income increased by about £10 by visitors on their way to and from the shrine. It was customary for those invoking the holy bishop to have themselves measured, and afterwards offer a candle of their own height at his tomb. The wax thus obtained was so valuable that the treasurer, whose perquisite it was, had in 1289 agreed to allow the chapter one-third of it,¹ and in the Taxation of pope Nicolas, the new assessment of clerical revenues made in 1292, it was reckoned as being worth £20, or £300 in the pre-1914 currency.

Steps had already been taken to secure Cantilupe's canonization. In 1290, his successor and former secretary, Bishop Swinfield, had been awakened at his manor at Sugwas by tappings on the window, which, as he did not sleep on the ground floor, he could only attribute to supernatural causes. Already convinced of his predecessor's sanctity, he now wrote to the pope, and two years later his efforts were seconded by the bishops of Ely, Durham and Bath.² Renewed attempts were made in 1299, and after the accession of Clement V, an English subject, in 1305, the king, the archbishop of York, various bishops and abbots and the English magnates sent letters, petitioning for the canonization.³ In August 1306 the pope appointed Guillaume Durand, bishop of Mende, and two other commissioners, the papal nuncio William Testa and Ralph Baldock, bishop of London, to hold an inquiry. The former arrived in London in the spring of 1307, and after the commission had sat there for some months it proceeded to Hereford at the end of August and remained there till 16 November investigating the miracles.

The report presented to the pope in December certainly testifies to the popularity of the cult and the innumerable sensational cures attributed to the saint. Owing to lack of time the com-

¹ W. W. Capes, *Registrum Ricardi de Swinfield* (Canterbury and York Society, 1909), pp. 230-1. 29 April 1289.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 234-5. 18 April 1290.

³ *Foedera*, I, p. 976. 2 November 1305.

missioners had examined only 115 witnesses in connexion with 17 miracles, but 204 more had been recorded, on which they accepted the oaths of the bishop and other reliable persons as to their belief in their authenticity. These included 43 cases of persons raised from the dead, 29 cures of blindness, 30 cripples, 24 lame persons, 10 paralysed, 10 lunatics, 3 deaf, 7 dumb and 41 diseased persons. Amongst the miracles investigated by the commissioners was one of a man dumb from birth, who afterwards spoke fluent French and English. The bishop of London took charge of one of the boys restored to life, assigning him to the care of a minor canon of St. Paul's, and paying him an annual pension.¹ An amazing number of horses, hounds, hawks, and pet animals had also been healed.

The geographical area covered by the miracles was roughly from York southwards, though naturally most of them were from the neighbourhood. One or two had happened to English soldiers in Gascony, and there was one case of an English Franciscan student at Orleans who suffered from such a terrible skin disease that none of his fellow scholars would eat with him or watch him taking notes unless he wore gloves. Hearing from some English travellers about the new saint, he vowed to make a pilgrimage to Hereford at the first opportunity, with the result that the spots began to disappear that very night, and within three days all except one of them had completely vanished. One of the proctors appointed by the Hereford chapter to conduct the case for the canonization met him subsequently at Oxford and noticed the remarkable beauty of his hands.

There were a few Irish cases, mostly of sailors engaged in the wine trade with Gascony, saved from death and shipwreck in storms. Twelve of these arrived whilst the commissioners were at Hereford, bringing two silver ships and a candle as votive offerings. According to the commissioners there were already 170 ships, 100 silver images of persons, 77 of animals and birds, 108 discarded crutches, 3 wooden carts or wheelbarrows, 97 shirts, given by women who had obtained children, or had them restored from the dead, innumerable lances, swords and arrows and images of eyes, ears and other *dissecta membra*. They counted 1424 candles, and 85 more were brought whilst they were there, as well as more votive ships and images. In addition to all this, the offerings had enabled two new naves (?) (presumably bays) to be added to the

¹ *Registrum Radulfi Baldock* (Canterbury & York Society, 1910), p. 148.

cathedral. It seems more likely that they were devoted to the building of the great central tower, since the interior of the cathedral is of a slightly earlier date, though part of the money may have been used to pay off any debts connected with it. A fabric roll of 1291 shows that £4000, mostly from the offerings, was spent that year. Receipts are also preserved for the gilding and decoration of the shrine, on which over £1000 was expended.¹

No immediate action was taken on the report of the commissioners, and in 1312 the proctors of the Hereford chapter were at the Curia to press for the canonization. The next year Bishop Swinfield made the heavy expenses involved by it an excuse for not paying an aid.² He died in 1317 with his hopes unrealized, but in January 1319 his successor, Adam de Orleton, going to the papal court on a diplomatic mission, took with him letters from Edward II to the pope and cardinals. He returned there the following year to be present at the canonization ceremony on 27 May, and did his best to make the first feast day of the new saint, which was fixed for 2 October, a solemn occasion, himself granting a forty-days' indulgence to all who visited the shrine and trying to get the archbishop and his fellow bishops to do the same. This letter with its elaborate tribute to the two Thomases is a diplomatic masterpiece. Although, unlike his namesake the first Thomas, who had reddened the eastern shores of the kingdom with his blood, the second had not actually fallen a victim to the sword of the persecutor, nevertheless he had merited the palm of martyrdom by his imitation of his virtues, and had brightened the western regions by the splendour of his sanctity.³

Whilst they were in London the commissioners had examined sixty-two witnesses in regard to Cantilupe's life and virtues. These were most of them members of his household, some of whom had been with him since his youth, or intimate friends. Their evidence, therefore, should explain why amongst all the saintly bishops of the period, such as Grosseteste and Dalderby of Lincoln and Archbishop Winchelsey, who were also candidates for canonization, St. Thomas of Hereford alone attained the honour. Few men could have had a better start. He was born about 1218, and was brought up chiefly by his uncle, Walter de Cantilupe, bishop of

¹ *Acta Sanctorum* (Oct.), I, pp. 539-705; P. Viollet, 'Guillaume Durant le Jeune, Evêque de Mende', *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, XXXV (1921), 1-139; W. W. Capes, *Registrum Thome de Cantilupo* (Canterbury and York Society, 1907), LV-LVII.

² W. W. Capes, *Registrum Ricardi de Swinfield*, p. 490.

³ A. W. Banister, *Registrum Ade de Orleton* (C and Y, 1908), pp. 76; 77; 139-43.

Worcester, an intimate friend both of Grosseteste and Simon de Montfort, whose political views he shared.

As a child Thomas told his uncle that he intended to be a knight. The reply, 'Thou shalt indeed be a knight of God', was only unintentionally prophetic, for the bishop's spirited protest at the decrees against pluralism at the Council of London¹ shows that he firmly believed that the Church should provide the younger sons of noble families with preferment in accordance with their rank. This view was shared by most ecclesiastics. The canonization process gives an imposing list of canonries and other benefices held by Thomas before he became a bishop, adding, however, that he had the necessary papal dispensations, and was very conscientious in his choice and supervision of his vicars. He also visited his parishes regularly, and took particular care that part of the revenues were devoted to the poor.

He was certainly well prepared for a distinguished career in the service of the Church. He and his brother Hugh, afterwards archdeacon of Gloucester, took the Arts course at Paris about 1242, the former going from there to Orleans to study civil law, and returning to Paris to take a degree in canon law. Their wealth and rank gave them contacts impossible to poorer students. St. Louis visited them during an illness and both brothers attended the first Council of Lyons in 1245.

All through his life Thomas maintained the state due to his rank, using fur on his garments and bed coverings, but this outward grandeur concealed his personal austerities. He always rose from table hungry, and shortly before his death one of his attendants found two girdles, one of cord like that of a Franciscan and the other of iron, and a hair shirt.

Apart from his brother his relations with his family were not close. He was so chaste that he would not allow his sisters to kiss more than his hand, and when he became a bishop never permitted them to stay for more than one night with him. A nephew whom he supported at the University offended him by immodest behaviour, and he would never again receive him, in spite of the intercessions of his household. His charity, however, had always been remarkable. At Paris he made it a rule to feed daily at least five poor persons, including scholars, but the number was sometimes as many as thirteen.

On his return to England Thomas taught law at Oxford, where

¹ Matthew Paris, *Historia Anglorum*, III, p. 18.

he became chancellor in 1262. Two years later, after the battle of Lewes, he acted as chancellor for the de Montfort government. The king's affection for his father and his relatively low ecclesiastical rank probably saved him from the suspension and exile meted out to the de Montfortian bishops after the Royalist triumph, but he prudently withdrew to Paris to study theology. His masters there were the Dominican Robert Kilwardby and the Franciscan John Pecham, both later to become archbishops of Canterbury. He took his bachelor's degree at Paris, but incepted at Oxford as a master. Kilwardby, now archbishop, presided at the ceremony, and paid an eloquent tribute, not to the candidate's learning but to his virtue.

One of the least important preferments held by Cantilupe was a canonry at Hereford, given him by his predecessor in the hope that he would be elected to succeed him. The office was scarcely an enviable one as the able Savoyard official of Henry III, Peter de Aquablanca, who had been bishop from 1240-68, and whose memory according to Matthew Paris exhaled a sulphurous stench, had been a particular object of hatred to the baronial party. Cantilupe's episcopate was taken up with determined efforts to recover lands and rights seized during the civil war. His conflicts with the earl of Gloucester, the Courbet family and Llewelyn of Wales figure largely in the canonization process. Though his courage is undoubted, to the modern mind there is something incongruous in a sick bishop being taken in a litter to a forest, in order to excommunicate the forester of the earl of Gloucester for usurping his hunting rights. Little information is unfortunately given about his spiritual activities, except that, like St. Hugh of Lincoln, he always wore his stole when riding about his diocese in order to hold impromptu confirmations.

Conflicts were not confined to usurped temporal rights. A lawsuit with the bishop of St. Asaph over the boundaries of their respective dioceses taxed the ingenuity of the Court of Canterbury, the Curia and the English government, but without any settlement being reached. Bishop Peter's attempts to provide for his kinsmen also caused strife and a divided chapter. The dean, Giles de Avenbury, had been forced to resign to make room for the bishop's nephew John, and was trying to recover his deanery. When Cantilupe became bishop the case had been dragging on for some years at the Curia.¹ Feeling ran high in the chapter, and

¹ On this suit, cf. *Reg. Swinfield*, pp. 318-26.

Cantilupe could hardly have avoided taking sides, but he carried his partisanship so far that after de Avenbury's death he promised the office to another English canon if the Savoyard dean lost his appeal. These lesser conflicts were soon to be eclipsed by his dramatic constitutional struggle with his metropolitan.

Pecham, who succeeded Kilwardby in 1279, was a man of a very different stamp. The conflict of the mid-thirteenth century between the French archbishops and their suffragans over the jurisdiction of the former during visitations and the rights of the provincial courts had been postponed in England owing to the Civil War and Kilwardby's conciliatory disposition, but was bound to occur sometime. Special bitterness was given to it by the character of the new primate. Energetic, conscientious, austere, and determined to uphold the rights of his church, but also irritable, outspoken and tactless, Pecham provoked rather than allayed opposition. In Cantilupe he had an adversary equally obstinate and as convinced of the justice of his cause, but more sure of his ground, and with the advantage which self-restraint gives in dealing with an angry man. He had, moreover, the support of his fellow bishops and of his household, and a special bitterness was given to the quarrel by the archbishop having been his former master. According to Robert le Wyse, chancellor of Hereford at the time of the canonization process, who, as Cantilupe's official, took a prominent part in the conflict, the two men fell out at the Council of Reading, six weeks after Pecham's arrival in England, but their letters to each other up to the time of Cantilupe's departure to Normandy in the spring of 1280 show no sign of any breach.

The new archbishop could hardly have avoided concerning himself in the bishop of Hereford's numerous lawsuits. There is some evidence that he supported the dean, and he had been appointed judge delegate in the St. Asaph dispute. Almost immediately after the case opened Cantilupe's proctor appealed to Rome. One of the bishop's letters to his agent at the Curia is probably connected with this suit. After giving instructions about the *douceurs* to various cardinals he suggests that, in view of the pope's friendship for the archbishop, it would be more tactful to present him with a valuable jewel.¹ Cantilupe's appointment of le Wyse as his official just before he left England was unfortunate as far as his relations with Pecham were concerned. The former

¹ *Reg. Cantilupe*, pp. 273-6. (January 1282.)

official, Luke de Bré, treasurer of Hereford, later became the archbishop's chancellor and was his executor, so that it is possible that he might have used his influence for peace.

In the period immediately after Cantilupe's departure, Pecham's policy of keeping any business arising out of a visitation in his own hands and entrusting it to his own clerks, instead of handing it over to the local ecclesiastical authorities on leaving the diocese, and the encroachments of the court of Canterbury upon the jurisdiction of the consistory courts, provoked general indignation amongst his suffragans. The official of Canterbury and his subordinate, the dean of the Arches, probably exceeded their commission, but, as the records are lost, this cannot be proved. In the struggle with the consistory court of Hereford, le Wyse was certainly provocative, and his bishop being abroad was dependent for advice and information on a hot-headed and unscrupulous subordinate, who was thoroughly enjoying a situation which aggrandized his own self-importance. His letters to his master show that Pecham's angry accusations of quibbling and deliberately stirring up strife were not unjust.¹

The two chief causes of dispute were over wills and appeals. The court of Canterbury claimed that it saved time and trouble when the deceased had property in different dioceses, if the executors presented their accounts to it and received letters of probate, instead of having to deal separately with each consistory court concerned. In 1281 Giles de Avenbury and other prominent ecclesiastics died and this made testamentary jurisdiction a lively issue between the courts of Canterbury and Hereford and other diocesan courts. At about the same time a matrimonial case was transferred by appeal from the sub-dean's court at Hereford to the archbishop's court, but the sub-dean ignored the order to suspend proceedings and imprisoned the appellants. A second mandate, ordering their release and the publication of their absolution from excommunication by the metropolitan court, was flung by him contemptuously into the mud. Le Wyse was within his rights when he refused to publish either the excommunication of the sub-dean or the absolution of the appellants, since the appeal should first have gone to the consistory court, over which he presided. He now wrote to Cantilupe, suggesting an appeal to Rome and a request that it should be heard by judges delegate from the province of

¹ 'Quod per cavillationes et truffas incessi, incendens episcopos contra nos et contenciones huiusmodi seminans.' *Reg. Swinfield*, p. 41.

York, because ones from Canterbury would be too afraid of the archbishop to be impartial.

At this juncture the bishop returned to England, and on his way to his own diocese saw Pecham, whom he left with the impression that he would pay due obedience to the church of Canterbury. The archbishop, however, always had a capacity of assuming agreement where there was no active opposition, and in any case his interpretation of his authority differed radically from that of his suffragans. His self-deception made him exceedingly indignant at Cantilupe's unexpected support of le Wyse and the sub-dean, and his refusal to publish the excommunication of the former, on the ground that it was invalidated by his appeal to Rome, in defence of the rights of his own court.¹

Cantilupe's firm and dignified maintenance of this position, in the face of threats of interdict and suspension, widened the breach, and made him the spokesman of the growing opposition of his fellow suffragans. The archbishop was aware of this. At a final interview with Cantilupe at Lambeth in February 1282 he offered to be content with a promise that the bishop of Hereford would pay him the same obedience as his predecessors had done to former archbishops, but this overture was rejected.² Cantilupe, now being threatened with excommunication, appealed to Rome, and, on the promulgation of the sentence, set off to the Curia to prosecute his appeal in person. His fellow bishops refused to publish the sentence in their dioceses, partly because its legality was doubtful, but also because they regarded the bishop of Hereford's cause as theirs and wished him every success.

Their attitude and Cantilupe's departure possibly made Pecham realize the need for a settlement. At a provincial synod held in London in April he appointed a commission to examine the complaints of his suffragans. In spite of the difficulty of differentiating between the archbishop's jurisdiction as metropolitan and permanent papal legate, the report showed that the court of Canterbury had exceeded its powers, especially in appeal cases. The position in regard to the execution of wills was left somewhat ambiguous, but the appointment of a new official and a new dean of the Arches and the conciliatory behaviour of the primate were a good augury for peace.³

¹ *Registrum Epistolarum Iohannis Peckham, archiepiscopi Cantuariensis (R.S., 1882-5)*, I, pp. 271-3. (Cantilupe to Pecham, 7 January 1282.)

² *Ibid.*, p. 319.

³ *Registrum epistolarum fratris Iohannis Peckham*, I, pp. 328-40; *Registrum Iohannis de Peckham* (C and Y, 1908), p. 182.

The bishop of Norwich, who had been a member of the commission, wrote to Cantilupe, urging him to return, since Pecham was ready to suspend the excommunication and submit their differences to arbitration.¹ Unfortunately, at the same time he received letters from his friend, the bishop of Worcester, who, although a party to the settlement, had doubts as to the archbishop's good faith. Certain recent cases in his own diocese caused him also to appeal, and he therefore exhorted Cantilupe to continue the good work he had so nobly begun, promising him his full support.² The latter's reception at the Curia had been encouraging. Legal experts decided that the excommunication was invalid, and the pope and cardinals as well as members of the papal household were present at a mass celebrated by him. Certain cardinals, including the future Boniface VIII, tried to mediate between him and Pecham, but their efforts only provoked angry replies, bitterly stigmatizing Cantilupe's hypocrisy and attributing his behaviour to mental instability.³

The Italian summer proved too much for a man of over sixty, worn out by prolonged austerities, and Cantilupe died at Montefiascone, near Orvieto, on 25 August. His funeral at the abbey of San Severo under Orvieto was attended by many cardinals, but only the flesh was buried there. The heart and bones were brought back to England, the former being interred by his friend the earl of Cornwall at his newly founded monastery at Ashridge, near Berkhamstead, and the latter at Hereford. According to a later report, Pecham refused to allow the burial of the remains in a consecrated place until he had seen letters of absolution from the papal penitentiary. He certainly only granted permission for the will to be executed after examining this certificate, which is still in the chapter archives at Hereford.⁴

The excommunication was the chief obstacle to the canonization and the papal commissioners received instructions to investigate its validity, before proceeding to the examination of the life and miracles. Fourteen of the archbishop's clerks, including the one who had published the sentence, were interrogated, and Pecham's register and other documents were sent from Canterbury to London for examination. Luke de Bré, whose evidence would have been especially valuable owing to his double con-

¹ *Reg. Swinfield*, p. 36.

² *Reg. Godfrey Giffard*, ff. 134v-135v.

³ *Registrum epistolarum fratris Iohannis Peckham*, II, pp. 393-4.

⁴ *Reg. Cantilupe*, p. lii, note 3.

nexion, had unfortunately died in 1293, only surviving his master by a few months. Yet, the excommunication and its tragic consequences were probably decisive factors in the canonization, and the chapter of Hereford and the bishops of the province of Canterbury had immediately taken full advantage of the sympathy roused by Cantilupe's sudden death. Forty days' indulgence was granted by them to all who visited the tomb. Pecham, on his visitation of Hereford in December 1282, was persuaded to grant a similar privilege to all visitors contributing to the cathedral fabric fund.

By a curious coincidence the spate of miracles began at the same time as a new conflict between the primate and his suffragans over testamentary jurisdiction, in which Bishop Swinfield played a prominent part.¹ The archbishop's clerks certainly noticed the connexion. One of them, Master Thomas of St. Omer, was also a canon of Hereford and was in the city when one of the first miracles took place on the Friday before Palm Sunday, 1287. At an early mass the lights in the cathedral were miraculously extinguished, though there was no wind. After about half an hour a mysterious flame was noticed above the head of a mad woman named Edith, who had come to the shrine to be healed. Her chains fell off, and when mass was ended she offered a votive candle, declaring that St. Thomas had appeared to her at the time of the cure. The bells were rung and the *Te Deum* chanted. Master Thomas, however, declared that the miracle was the work of a former holy bishop, Robert de Béthune, at whose tomb offerings were made. He even suspended the priest responsible for its publication, on the ground that Pecham's permission should first have been obtained, in view of his quarrel with Cantilupe.²

At Hereford the archbishop was very much the villain of the drama. In the canonization proceedings it was reported that the bones had run with blood when carried through the diocese of Canterbury, and Pecham's mental instability during the last years of his life was attributed to his treatment of Cantilupe. It was even alleged that a votive candle offered on his behalf by his clerks had merely hastened his end.

The first efforts to secure the canonization probably failed, partly through inadequate support, and partly because pope Nicolas IV was himself a Franciscan and a friend of the arch-

¹ *Reg. Swinfield*, pp. 33-4; 170-9.

² *Acta Sanctorum*, pp. 697-8.

bishop. Edward I's readiness to help when renewed efforts were made in 1305 may have been due to the way in which ecclesiastical and secular politics now coincided. The conflict over testamentary jurisdiction had been renewed between the suffragans of Canterbury and archbishop Winchelsey, whose suspension the king was trying to procure, because of his part in the constitutional struggle of 1297-1301. Edward I's death in 1307 and the acute political situation in the first part of his son's reign distracted the general interest. By 1318 the situation had improved and Edward II was in the hands of the Middle party, amongst the English magnates, who were anxious to direct the royal policy but with the king's assent and co-operation. Cantilupe's brief political career exactly reflected their political views, and would divert popular support from the extremists, now excluded from the government. Winchelsey was dead and his successor was a courtier and time-server. It is significant that many of the popular cults during this period had political implications. The same veneration was accorded to the ruffianly baronial leader, Thomas of Lancaster, after his execution, as had been paid to Simon de Montfort, and the new Perpendicular work at Gloucester was paid for by the offerings at the tomb of the murdered Edward II.

By the time of the canonization Hereford had lost much of its popularity as a place of pilgrimage, and in spite of it there seems to have been no revival. Possibly Gloucester and Walsingham were rival attractions. At any rate, the translation did not take place till 1348, and some years before the tax on the wax was reduced because of the decline in offerings. This seems to have continued, for a fabric roll of 1388 gives 26s. 8d. as the amount for that year. Until the Reformation, however, custodians of the bier and the relics were appointed, though their salaries seem to have swallowed up most of the offerings.¹ The shrine is now empty for the relics were removed to save them from desecration at the Reformation. When the cathedral was restored in the nineteenth century the pavement at its base was found to be worn away by the knees of the pilgrims.

Whatever the reasons for Cantilupe's canonization, he certainly represented the contemporary ideal of a saintly bishop, and the canonization process suggests that he consciously followed a somewhat conventional pattern of holiness. His memory has probably suffered from the devotion of his friends, determined to

¹ *Calendar of Papal Registers*, II, p. 531; *Reg. Cantilupe*, p. 58.

defend his cause and that of the local churches against Canterbury. Both archbishops were conspicuous examples of asceticism and mediaeval piety. Pecham, in spite of his defects of temper, was remembered at Canterbury down to the Reformation for his charity to the poor, and Winchelsey had aroused great devotion amongst his flock not only for his virtues, but because of Edward I's persecution. Thus the portrait had to be a highly coloured reproduction of conventional sanctity. Some mediaeval saints have left letters and other writings which reveal their character, but Cantilupe's Register is an official record, and apart from showing that he was not above the standards of his age in regard to bribery, merely confirms the evidence of the canonization process about his conflicts and his conscientious performance of his episcopal duties. The mediaeval determination to fight for every right, however petty and secular, not from personal motives, but as a sacred trust, is as characteristic of other saints of the period, notably St. Hugh of Lincoln, whose attraction and holiness are uncontestable. Yet, when all reservations have been made, it is difficult not to endorse the verdict of the editor of the register:

The last English saint recognized by the undivided Western Church was still of the true mediaeval type, austere in his self-discipline, fearless in the assertion of the Church's seeming rights, but narrow in his sympathies, stern in his co-ercive moods . . . and therefore somewhat unattractive to our modern tastes.¹

¹ *Reg. Cantilupe*, p. 60.

ROBERT BOYLE AND THE JESUITS

The Defence Against Franciscus Linus

By CONOR REILLY, S.J.

THE contribution made by Jesuits to the development of modern science was both extensive and valuable, though it has not as yet, perhaps, found adequate recognition in histories of science. The Jesuits Clavius and Cabeo may be listed among seventeenth-century mathematicians, or Kircher and Grimaldi among the physicists, but, as is only to be expected in these as yet early days of the recording of the history of science, interest and attention has mainly centred on the great figures of the 'Scientific Revolution'. It is true that no Jesuit was of the calibre of a Newton or a Boyle, yet by their own investigations and writings, as well as by the stimulus and encouragement they gave to the investigations of others, Jesuit scientists helped to usher in the Scientific Revolution.

Few of the scientific treatises of seventeenth-century Jesuits have been re-edited, nor have critical examinations of the work of more than a few of them been attempted, so it is difficult to arrive directly at an estimate of the contribution of Jesuits to the development of modern science. However, an examination of the attitude of contemporary scientists towards the Jesuits of their day is instructive and helps to give a satisfactory understanding of the question. The one case to be considered in this article, the dealings of the Honourable Robert Boyle with the English Jesuit scientist Francis Line, throws much light on the whole problem.

One of the most outstanding figures of seventeenth-century science was the Honourable Robert Boyle, son of the first Earl of Cork. Born at Lismore Castle, Ireland, in the year 1627, Boyle began his scientific studies at Oxford before he was thirty years old. During the next fifty years, both at Oxford and London, he carried out research on the nature of air, on chemical analysis and on a host of other problems. He produced a vast quantity of books

and papers, the most famous of which are his *New Experiments . . . on the Spring and Weight of Air* and *The Sceptical Chymist*.¹ Both books were published before he had reached the thirty-fifth year of his life.

Boyle won the admiration and respect not alone of the little circle of members of The Royal Society, which he had helped to found, but of most English and Continental scholars of his day. He was the friend and correspondent of a great number of fellow scientists in many parts of Europe. A meeting with Boyle was considered one of the most important items of the agenda of a visit to England. Today he is honoured with the title of 'Father of Modern Chemistry'. Though it is true that in relation to the vast amount of experimental work he carried out his important discoveries are few,² yet he is rightly acknowledged as one of the great geniuses of seventeenth-century science.

But Boyle is remembered, by Englishmen especially, not alone for his scientific achievements, but also for his intense zeal for the Protestant religion. Born of loyal Puritan stock and educated for two years in Geneva, the citadel of European Calvinism, he had little love for Rome and Catholicism. His efforts to have the Bible translated into Irish and other languages, and his remarks in his early years on the Papacy, show clearly his religious sympathies. Son of an Elizabethan adventurer, Governor of the Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel,³ loyal to England and to Protestantism, no one could accuse Boyle of being biassed in favour of the Jesuits or other schoolmen of the Catholic Church. Indeed, his known connexions with, and interest in, the Jansenists, point without doubt to a strong anti-Jesuit influence in his life.⁴ Yet it will be seen what a favourable picture Boyle's writings paint of the position of the Jesuits in those early days of the rise of modern science.

In the year 1660 Robert Boyle published a book entitled *New Experiments Physico-mechanical touching the Spring and Weight of Air*,

¹ *New Experiments*, published in 1660; the *Sceptical Chymist*, in 1661. The 1772 edition of *The Works of the Hon. Robert Boyle*, by Thomas Birch, have been used throughout this article and are referred to hereafter as *Works*.

² Professor Butterfield, in his *Origins of Modern Science* (Bell, London, 1951), remarks on this lack in Boyle's achievements.

³ Boyle was appointed 'governor of the Corporation for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England' by King Charles II in 1662. Cf. Mason, *Flora*; *Robert Boyle* (Constable, London, 1914).

⁴ During his Italian tour in 1641 Boyle went disguised as a Frenchman in Rome 'to decline the distracting intrusions and importunities of English Jesuits'; *An account of Philaretus during his minority*, *Works*, Vol. I, p. 24.

and its Effects.¹ Some two years earlier, his assistant Robert Hooke had built for Boyle an air-pump or 'pneumatical engine' as he called it. This pump was based on one which had been invented by Otto von Guericke, burgomaster of Magdeburg in Germany, in 1635. Using his air-pump Boyle had carried out various experiments on the nature of air, and from them he had drawn important conclusions.

In the preamble to his book he wrote, 'I should immediately proceed to the mention of my experiments but that I like too well that worthy saying of the naturalist Pliny, "Benignum est et plenum ingenui pudores, fateri per quos profeceris".' Not only does he give credit to Hooke for building his pump, but moreover he expresses gratitude to 'the industrious Jesuit Schottus' in whose book *Mechanica Hydraulico-Pneumatica* he had read the description of the original air-pump built by von Guericke.

The Jesuit author to whom Boyle expresses his gratitude was a German, Kaspar Schott (latinized to Schottus). At the time he held the position of Professor of Physics at Augsburg, and was well known for his writings on scientific matters. In later years he became a correspondent of Boyle's and exchanged books and notes with the English scientist.

Schott was one of a large number of Jesuits who were keen students of Nature. Many of them were among the first-rate scientists of the day. In his *New Experiments* Boyle displays a close acquaintance with the works and writings of these men. He quotes from the publications of Father Athanasius Kircher, the physicist and archaeologist; from Father John Baptist Ricciolus, the astronomer; from Father Christopher Clavius, the man to whom Pope Gregory XIII entrusted the revision of the calendar; from Fathers Joseph Acosta, Nicolas Zucchi and other Jesuit scientists of the day. Boyle considered these men worthy of mention in the company of such names as René Descartes, Blaise Pascal, Christian Huygens, John Kepler and Galileo Galilei.

The Society of Jesus had been in existence for somewhat more than a hundred years when Boyle began his scientific studies. Almost from the beginning certain Jesuits had taken a keen interest in natural science and had themselves carried out investigations in its various fields. Many of them had united their theological studies with deep learning in the natural sciences. As Boyle's writings show, several members of the order had gained

¹ *Works*, Vol. I, pp. 1 ff.

international reputations as scientists by the second half of the seventeenth century. When commenting on the relation of the natural to the supernatural sciences, Boyle remarked on this aspect of Jesuit activity. 'Among the Jesuits you know,' he writes, 'that Clavius, and divers others have as prosperously addicted themselves to mathematicks as to divinity. And as to physics, not only Scheiner, Aquilonius, Kircher, Schottus, Zucchius and others, have very laudably cultivated the optical and some other parts of Philosophy; but Ricciolus himself . . . is not only a divine but a professor of divinity.'¹

When Boyle's *New Experiments* appeared it was received with great interest by Jesuits and other scholars of Europe. The question of the nature and the properties of the air had long been a subject of discussion and, often, of heated controversy among philosophers. This interest was mainly due to the relation of the question to another problem, that of the possibility of the vacuum.

The problem of the vacuum was one that went back to the days of the early Greek philosophers. In the seventeenth century interest in the question had been stimulated once more by the experiments of Torricelli in Italy. The Greek Atomists had held, against the teaching of Parmenides and the Eleatics, that empty space, the void or vacuum must exist to account for such phenomena as motion, change, increase and decrease of bodies. Aristotle and the scholastics of later centuries held that 'the void' did not actually exist, but was merely a concept derived by the human mind from a consideration of extended things. But then, in the early seventeenth century, Torricelli had filled a long glass tube, sealed at one end, with mercury, and inverted it over a basin. The mercury in the tube had fallen to a level of about thirty inches over the surface of the mercury which had flowed into the basin, leaving an empty space in the upper end of the tube. Here at last, it seemed, a vacuum had been produced, for there could be no air over the mercury in the upper end of this primitive barometer tube! What now could the schoolmen say as the physicists answered their Aristotelian arguments with a *contra factum non valet argumentum*? The schoolmen sprang to the defence of their traditional doctrine and 'Refutations' flowed from their pens. It was not only the Aristotelians, but also some of the moderns who denied that the 'Torricellian vacuum' could really be empty space. Descartes and his followers, with their doctrine

¹ *The Excellence of Theology, Works*, Vol. IV, p. 62.

that all substance must be extended and that everything that was extended must be a substance, were forced to deny the existence of an extended vacuum. Many of the schoolmen allied themselves with the Cartesians, and among them were certain French Jesuits, professors of the college of La Flèche.

Blaise Pascal entered the fray on the side of the non-Cartesian physicists. As well as repeating the barometer experiment of Torricelli, he performed his skilful and detailed experiment in which he proved that it was the weight of the air pressing down on the surface of the mercury in the basin that supported the thirty-inch column within the barometer tube. Robert Boyle spoke in high praise of Pascal's experiment and Pascal in his turn applauded the English scientist's investigations on the same problem. Pascal even went so far as to translate into French portions of Boyle's *New Experiments*, as confirmation of his own teaching on the matter.¹

Pascal's views on the vacuum came under attack from a Jesuit, Père Etienne Noël, Rector of the College of La Flèche, in 1647. Noël was one of the Jesuits who had embraced the physics of Descartes. Consequently he denied the possibility of a vacuum of any kind and wrote against Pascal's *Nouvelles expériences touchant le vide*. Pascal replied, and after two years of controversy seems to have convinced the Jesuit that the Torricellian vacuum was indeed a true vacuum.²

As is so often the case in such controversies between scientists and philosophers, much ink would have been saved and much ill feeling would have been avoided if the antagonists had taken time to consider the question calmly before they had taken up their pens. Both the schoolmen and the physicists were wrong. Aristotle had satisfied men's minds for so long with his magnificent philosophical world picture that there seemed to be no reason to doubt even his non-metaphysical teachings. In this the schoolmen erred, for Aristotle's physics was unsound. They erred further in using his metaphysical doctrines to answer questions of physics they were never meant to answer. But the physicists also erred in trying to answer metaphysical questions with the doctrines of their

¹ Blaise Pascal, *New Experiments made in England, explained by the principles set forth in the two foregoing treatises on the Equilibrium of Liquids and the Weight of the Mass of the Air in The Physical Treatises of Pascal*, translated into English by I. H. B. and A. G. H. Spiers (Columbia University Press, New York, 1937), p. 121.

² P. Noël's two books on the question of the vacuum are *Le Plein du Vide* and *Gravitas Comparata*, both published in Paris, 1648. They are listed in Sommervögel; *Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus* (Bruxelles, 1893).

physics. Both philosophers and physicists failed to find the clear distinction between empirical science and metaphysics, and this unsatisfactory situation was to leave its mark on the new-born physics for many a day to come. Even the strange union between Cartesian physics and Aristotelian philosophy did not help, but only made the confusion all the greater.

This, then, was the situation when Boyle wrote his book on 'the spring and weight of air'. Wisely he refrained from dealing directly with that very controversial question of the vacuum, yet he must have known that no matter what he stated about air and its properties his views were likely to be attacked. Certainly he knew of the Pascal-Noël controversy, and that should have been sufficient warning for him. Nevertheless, he declared emphatically that controversy was not his object in writing his book.

The doctrine that Boyle proposed in his *New Experiments* was that air possessed both 'spring and weight', and that these two properties were sufficient to account for all the pneumatical phenomena of the Torricellian and other experiments. He compared air to a fleece of wool which can be pressed down by a weight but springs back into its original shape once the weight is removed. The particles of air, he said, might be compared to little, discrete bodies each of which possess both spring and weight. Acting together these separate particles confer on the air mass its distinctive elastic properties.

In the main portion of his book in which he described the experiments he had carried out with the help of his air-pump, Boyle contented himself with supplying experimental details, and indulged in little speculation or theorization. He seems to have felt that the truth of his theory of the spring and weight of air was self-evident and that mere description of the experiments was sufficient to justify it. Such a method of exposition has its advantages, but it leaves itself open to great criticism. In such a disputed field, where adversaries had long clashed, Boyle would have been wiser to annotate his descriptions of experiments with more direct and clear commentaries. It was certain that interest in the question was much too keen and universal among scientists to permit his assertions to go without question.

Within a year of publication several refutations and contradictions of his *New Experiments* had appeared. Finally, though much against his will, Boyle was forced to enter the fray and defend his doctrine against attack. He wrote 'Defences' against

two of his principal adversaries. In answering these two men he felt that he was replying to all his critics.

Boyle's choice of opponents for refutation is of significance. Deliberately, and with a clear realization of the implications of his choice, he decided to answer, first, a Jesuit, Father Francis Line, and then the English philosopher, Thomas Hobbes. Thus he would reply to the two chief classes of his adversaries, the schoolmen and the materialists of his day.¹

Father Francis Line was an English Jesuit who had been born, probably in London, in 1595. He entered the Society of Jesus in 1623 and, with considerable success, pursued his studies on the Continent. After his ordination he was appointed professor of both Hebrew and Mathematics at the Jesuit college of Liège. However, mathematics and physics were his real interest and during his time in Liège Father Line carried out investigations on many physical problems. It is recorded that he invented a type of floating sundial during his time as professor. This sundial was to be of use to him in later years.

In 1656 Father Line was sent on the English mission, where he went under the assumed name of Hall. He was assigned for a short time to the College of the Immaculate Conception in Derbyshire. This was one of those colleges which caused so much irritation to the priest-hunters of Elizabethan and later years: established in the houses of Catholics, frequently suppressed and their patrons imprisoned and fined, they yet managed to survive and provide a Catholic education for boys who could not be sent abroad. Apart from teaching, the eight priests who staffed the College of the Immaculate Conception in Father Line's time did considerable missionary work in the surrounding district.²

In 1659 Father Line was transferred to the London district, where he worked until 1665, when he was sent to Lancashire. In all, Father Line spent sixteen years labouring in his native land, often enduring considerable hardships and difficulties. He found time, nevertheless, during periods of comparative peace, to extend his studies of mathematics and physics. He even managed to write a number of books while in England. Two of these books were controversial works; the first, *A Refutation of the attempt to square the Circle*, the second his treatise against Robert Boyle's doctrine of the

¹ Thomas Hobbes, *Dialogus Physicus de Natura Aeris*, 1661.

² Henry Foley, S.J., *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus* (London, 1877).

spring and weight of air, *De Corporum Inseparabilitate*. Another volume, *On the Barometer*, is said to have been written by him while in London. In later life he published a book with the elaborate title, *An Explanation of the Diall set up in the King's Garden at London* (An. 1669) . . . by which besides the hours of all kinds diversely expressed, many things also belonging to Geography, Astrology and Astronomy are by the Sunne's shadow made known to the eye. It is said that the 'Diall' was built by Line himself, and that he based it on the sundial he had built at Liège long before.

Father Line finally had to leave England in 1672. He was now seventy-seven years old, but even at this advanced age he continued his scientific studies and entered into controversies on scientific matters. With the assistance of Father Lucas he carried on a controversy with Isaac Newton on the nature of light and colour. He published two papers on the question in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, London*, shortly before his death.¹

The last three years of his life were spent at the college of Liège where he was appointed to the post of spiritual father. In his old age Father Line was noted for his love of poverty, charity and purity. He was an extremely mortified man, exact in his obedience to the rules, full of love for God and his fellow men. He was venerated both for his holiness and for his past missionary labours. He died at Liège on 25 November 1675, at the age of eighty years.²

It was in the year 1661 that Father Line published his book *De Corporum Inseparabilitate* against Robert Boyle's doctrine on the properties of the air. Line did not deny that air has both spring and weight, but suggested that these two properties were insufficient to account for the phenomena Boyle had described in his *New Experiments*. He suggested that air has a third property, the 'Funiculus or extremely thin substance, provided in such cases by nature, "ne detur vacuum", which being exceedingly rarified by a forcible distention does perpetually and strongly endeavour to contract itself into dimensions agreeable to the nature of the distended body; and consequently does violently attract all the bodies whereunto it is contiguous.'³

¹ Fr. Line's papers as listed in Sommervögel are, *Animadversions upon Isaac Newton's Theory of Light and Colours and Optical assertions concerning the Rainbow*.

² Henry Foley, S.J., *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus* (London, 1877).

³ R. Boyle, *Defence of the Doctrine touching the Spring and Weight of Air against Franciscus Linus*, Works, Vol. I, p. 134.

Line's 'funiculus' was really the reappearance of the 'horror vacui' of the ancients. The Parisian physicists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had explained this 'horror vacui' as a force, somewhat similar to a magnetic force which normally prevented the particles of the air or of solid bodies from being parted from each other, and thus resisted the formation of a vacuum. If this force was overcome by a greater force, such as the force of suction in Boyle's air-pump, the particles could be separated from one another and a vacuum produced. Line accepted this explanation and thus argued that it was the spring and weight of the air, assisted by his 'funiculus'—the force of 'horror vacui', drawing the mercury up towards the top of the tube—that supported the thirty inches of mercury in the Torricellian barometer.

In the year following the appearance of Line's book Boyle published his *Defence of the Doctrine touching the Spring and Weight of Air . . . against the objections of Franciscus Linus, wherewith the Objectors's Funicular Hypothesis is also examined*. He begins his book with a protestation that his desire was never to enter into controversy, but that now his friends had prevailed upon him to write this defence. He hopes that his book will help to expand and justify the doctrine he has already expounded in his *New Experiments*, for, he says, 'except by some able mathematicians and a very few other contemplative men, the doctrine of the spring of the air, at least as I have proposed it, is not yet sufficiently apprehended (and therefore needs to be inculcated).'¹ Most of us today would agree with Boyle in this statement. He continues, 'I was the more willing to prosecute some of Franciscus Line, his objections, because the fear of being reduced to grant a vacuum has so prevailed with many eminent men bred up in the received philosophy of the schools that . . . they agree in ascribing them [the phenomena of the Torricellian experiments] to some extremely rarified substance that fills up the space deserted by the quicksilver'. Since this doctrine is held by the Jesuits, Boyle 'was more willing to pay them that respect, as not to dissent from persons, divers of whom for their eminence in mathematicks and other learnings I much esteem, without showing that I do it not but upon considerations that I think weighty'.¹

Boyle comments on the mild, conciliatory manner adopted by Line in his book. The Jesuit, Boyle says, 'having forborn provoking language in his objections, allows me in answering them to

¹ Ibid., p. 120.

comply with my inclinations and custom of exercising civility even when I must dissent in point of judgement'.¹

The value of the 'Defence' with which Boyle follows this introduction does not lie merely in the vindication of his doctrine. As a commentary on, and expansion of his *New Experiments* it is a most valuable book. Boyle goes through Line's book chapter by chapter, quoting and then commenting on what the Jesuit has written. Since Line had examined the experiments and discussions of Boyle's original book in a systematic and careful manner, the *Defence* is really a commentary on a commentary on the *New Experiments*. The *Defence* provides in large measure the explanations and development of doctrine which were lacking in the book it defends. Father Line's book therefore served to bring about a necessary clarification and elaboration of Boyle's views on the properties of the air. This fact alone would merit our gratitude to the Jesuit.

Everybody today who has followed even the most elementary science course has heard of Boyle's Law which expresses the pressure-volume relationships of gases. But though this 'law' was implicitly contained in the *New Experiments*, it was only in his *Defence* that Boyle explicitly stated it. There also he provides experimental results to confirm it. The experiments Boyle carried out in this investigation were crude, even by schoolboy standards of today. From the results, however, he deduced the important law that, as he stated it, 'Pressure and Expansions are in reciprocal proportion'.²

In explaining 'rarefaction', or expansion, Line had stated that many learned men, especially St. Thomas Aquinas and Francis Suarez, supported him in his view on the problem. Boyle's treatment of this 'appeal to authority' is truly Baconian. 'Though,' he says, 'I pay these two authors a just respect for their great skill in scholastical and metaphysical learning, yet the examiner cannot ignore, that I could make a long catalogue of writers, both ancient and modern, at least as well versed in natural philosophy as St. Thomas and Suarez, who have some of them in express words denied this to be naturally possible.'³

Boyle completes his *Defence* by insisting once more that he has no personal quarrel with his 'learned adversary', but only writes in the cause of truth. He hopes that Line has not been offended in any way by what has been said, but adds, 'I am induced by the

¹ Ibid., p. 124.

² Ibid., p. 136.

³ Ibid., p. 147.

severity wherewith I have known eminent virtuosi speak of his attempt and particularly of his funiculus, to fear that some of those he has needlessly opposed, will be apt to apply to him that of St. Austin against some of his adversaries, that had disputed against him with more subtilty than reason; "In mala causa non possunt aliter, at malam causam quis eos coegit habere?"¹

Father Line seems to have retired gracefully from the controversy, and his silence may be interpreted as an admission of the soundness of Boyle's defence. However, he did not retire completely from the field of scientific disputation. Up to the very year of his death, as has been said before, he took part in controversies on the nature of light and other problems. Boyle mentions Line a number of times in his later works, but only with reference to his *De Corporum Inseparabilitate* and his own *Defence* against that work.

Robert Boyle's *Defence against Franciscus Linus* not merely gives information on the standing of certain Jesuit scientists of the seventeenth century, but it also throws much light on Boyle's own character. In spite of his background, his religious and political enthusiasms, and the anti-Jesuit prejudices of many of his friends, Boyle had a sincere esteem for the Jesuits. Though he had vanquished a member of the order in controversy, yet he continued to quote from them with approval, to respect and praise them. All this was in keeping with the good nature, the simplicity and sincerity which were such marked features of his character. The diarist Evelyn could remark of Boyle in his old age, 'All was tranquil, easy, serious, discrete, so as besides Mr. Hobbes, whose hand was against everybody and admired nothing but his own, Francis Linus excepted (who yet with much civility wrote against him), I do not remember that he had the least antagonist.'²

It may certainly be said that the Boyle-Line controversy, unlike many another controversy of the seventeenth century, reflects credit on both the victor and the vanquished.

¹ Ibid., p. 177.

² As quoted in Mason, F., *Robert Boyle* (1914), p. 305.

THE CHURCH IN ICELAND

A Sketch from the Conversion to the Present Day

By THOMAS BUCK

THE modern traveller to Iceland, despite the growing influence there of American ways of life, still experiences something of the fascination of remoteness and solitude that first attracted Irish hermits about twelve centuries ago. Early visitors to the island were divided as to its charms, some echoing the Viking Ketil Flatnose who exclaimed roundly 'To that place of fish may I never come in my old age', but many more feeling the same compulsion about its fresh green hillsides and clear air that kept Gunnar of Hlíðarendi there even at the risk of his own life after he had been outlawed.¹ The Irish hermits, who are the first-known inhabitants of Iceland, seem to have settled mainly in the south-east in the seventh and eighth centuries and there were still numbers living there when the Norsemen began their colonization about A.D. 870. The early twelfth-century Icelandic historian Ari Thorgilsson relates how they left after the arrival of the Norsemen because they did not wish to live together with heathen people. But it is likely that they stayed on for a time and exercised some slight Christian influence upon their new pagan neighbours.

Not all the Norse settlers were such thoroughgoing pagans as their warlike appearance and manners probably led the Celtic hermits to suppose. A number were certainly baptized Christians who had come from the Norse colonies in Ireland and the Hebrides, and though their descendants quickly lapsed into paganism the lingering memories of the faith which they had taken with them to Iceland undoubtedly helped to prepare the way for the country's complete conversion later. Moreover, the pagan beliefs which the main body of settlers took to Iceland from

¹ *The Story of Burnt Njál*, translated by Sir George Dasent, p. 131 (J. M. Dent, 1944.) The character ð (eth), now peculiar to Icelandic and occurring in a number of Icelandic proper names in this paper, is pronounced *th* as in the English word *then*.

Norway were so ill-defined that they never constituted a religious creed capable of inspiring its adherents to defend it at the price of their lives.

These features of pre-Christian Iceland help to explain what Professor Turville-Petre has called¹ 'the remarkable ease and unanimity' with which the Icelanders accepted Christianity. Before the whole nation officially became Christian in A.D. 1000, however, a number of missionary expeditions were made which contributed substantially to the growing influence exercised by the thought and civilization of Christian Europe on Iceland towards the end of the tenth century. The first of these was made by an Icelander called Thorvald. On his travels in Germany he came to know a certain Bishop Frederick, by whom he was baptized, and the two subsequently travelled to Iceland where they worked together for four years preaching to the people. At first their mission was successful. They were even allowed to advocate their cause at the Assembly. But when leading pagans wrote verses satirizing them, Thorvald could not endure their insults and slew two of the slanderers, with the result that both he and the innocent Bishop Frederick had to flee the country. The results of this first mission cannot be assessed as the sources are unreliable in part, but it is certain that the Icelanders learnt much about Christian teaching from Bishop Frederick and his interpreter Thorvald.

The work of these two missionaries also sowed grave doubts about the validity of Norse pagan beliefs, even in the minds of those who did not accept Christianity, and the saga writers depict the years from 985 to 1000 as a period of spiritual conflict in Iceland. After Olaf Tryggvason seized the throne of Norway in 995 accounts of his efforts to convert Norway were carried to Iceland and it was soon clear that the king intended to convert not only his own kingdom but also the Norse colonies in the Orkneys, the Faroes, Greenland and Iceland. The full story of the conversion of Iceland is told by Ari Thorgilsson (1067-1148)—a skilful and conscientious historian with good opportunities of verifying his facts—in his *Islendingabók* or Book of the Icelanders.²

According to Ari, King Olaf's first two attempts to convert Iceland failed because, like Thorvald, the missionaries resorted to violence when they found themselves lampooned. From the second mission, however, that of a German priest named Thangbrand,

¹ *Origins of Icelandic Literature* (Oxford University Press, 1953), p. 68.

² Edited by Halldór Hermannsson (1930), Ch. vii.

undertaken in 997, there sprang indirectly the victory of Christianity. When Thangbrand returned to Norway from Iceland and told King Olaf of the opposition that he had encountered the king was very angry and decided to seek retribution on the Icelanders who were in Norway at the time. Among those whom Thangbrand had converted were two Icelanders, Hjalti Skeggjason and Gizur the White, and these men, reaching Norway soon after Thangbrand, persuaded the king not to persecute the Icelanders then in Norway, undertaking in return to sail back to their own country and preach the Christian Faith. The account of their success is as dramatic as that of St. Augustine's in England. Together with a priest called Thormoð, Hjalti and Gizur reached Iceland in time to take part in the National Assembly, which was held at the end of June on a plain in southern Iceland. There in the year 1000 they pleaded the Christian cause against strong opposition from the pagan party, each side declaring the other outside the law and electing its own president for the assembly. This time, however, neither party resorted to violence and all agreed to follow the lead of the pagan president Thorgeir.

Thorgeir retired to his tent, spoke to no one for a day and night, and then addressed the assembly from the Law-rock. His decision was that all Icelanders should be Christians in name and should be baptized, but he also decreed that those who wished to follow their ancient customs might do so, providing it was in private. The ancient customs, which included the exposure of new-born children and sacrifices to the gods, were not forbidden for some years. But the victory had been won. And while Olaf the Saint found about 1014 that large numbers of the Norwegian people had reverted to full paganism, at the same time the Christian Church was firmly established as a spiritual and social force in Iceland.

The results of the conversion were soon to be seen in a number of advances in spiritual and intellectual life in Iceland. So peaceful did the land become in comparison with its state before A.D. 1000 that the period from about 1030-1120 is known in Icelandic as the 'Friðaröld' or 'Age of Peace'. The Lutheran historian, Knut Gjerset, sums up¹ the characteristics of the time thus: 'During this period the bloody feuds subsided, churches and schools were built, and an intellectual life blossomed forth which elevated Iceland to the position of literary leadership in the north.' The Icelandic

¹ *History of Iceland*, p. 149 (Allen and Unwin).

churches of the time were built of turf, only occasionally of wood, so that there are no remains today of pre-Reformation buildings. But a rich collection of ecclesiastical vestments, statues, missals, church manuscripts and painted parts of old confessionals now in the National Museum at Reykjavík show how Catholic life in all its fullness took root among the people. The conversion brought the Icelanders into touch with European civilization as they had not been before and manuscripts and fragments from the twelfth century confirm how closely the Icelandic clergy were in communication with the Western Church. The writings of St. Gregory the Great were especially popular with twelfth-century Icelandic priests and there are frequent mentions in contemporary manuscripts of his homilies and dialogues and above all of his *Regula Pastoralis*. Of St. Augustine's works *De Civitate Dei* was among the best known and most read. More surprising is the familiarity with the writings of St. Bernard and of the mystic Hugo of St. Victor.

In the eleventh century Iceland was nominally a part of the archdiocese of Bremen and its first bishops were German or in a few cases associated with the British Isles. One such was Bishop Rudolf, who was sent to Iceland from Norway by Archbishop Liavizo of Bremen. He worked in Iceland for nineteen years and spent the last years of his life as Abbot of Abingdon, near Oxford. In a short time, however, the Church in Iceland became remarkable for its national character; and when the first diocese of Skálholt was erected for southern Iceland in 1056, its bishop was a native Iclander, the saintly and much-travelled Isleif, son of Gizur the White. Fifty years later the people of the north were given their own bishop and a second diocese established with its see at Hólar, some forty miles away from the modern town of Akureyri. Its bishop was Jón Ögmundarson, also a native Iclander and a pupil of the famous school which had been set up at Skálholt by Bishop Isleif.

Some idea of the difficulties confronting the first leaders of the Church in Iceland can be had from a consideration of the extensive travels which had to be undertaken by bishops for their consecration and of the lack of materials in Iceland for any church building, furniture or ornament. Bishop Isleif of Skálholt had to travel to Germany to be consecrated. Bishop Jón was just in time to feel the benefit of the new archdiocese of Lund, which had been established in 1104, and he was the first Iclander to be consecrated by a Scandinavian archbishop, though he had also to

travel to Rome to obtain certain dispensations from Pope Paschal II. When he returned to Iceland in the summer of 1106 he took with him timber to build a cathedral church worthy of his new diocese, and this, after being landed in southern Iceland, had to be transported on horseback over rough tracks for 300 miles to Hólar. The resulting church must have been a substantial one, for it stood for 200 years, a long time even for a timber building in the tempestuous climate of northern Iceland.

Iceland has no officially canonized saint, but the holy Bishop Thorlák Thorhallsson of Skálholt (1133-1193) was venerated widely as a saint in Iceland and Norway throughout the Middle Ages and the day of his death, 23 December, is still known in Iceland as *Thorláksmessu* or the Feast of St. Thorlák. Prayers to him have been discovered in Norwegian breviaries and in 1300 an altar was dedicated to him in a Bergen church. Throughout his life this saintly priest worked unceasingly to free the Icelandic Church from the control which rich landowners exercised over it by virtue of their ownership of church buildings. At the same time he strove to improve the morality of all classes of Icelandic society. His own life was so exemplary that Archbishop Eystein of Nidaros in Norway declared that he wished his last day might be such as he had seen every day of Thorlák's life to be. As an example of his self-restraint in all things an old chronicler records that he never even complained of the weather—a noteworthy achievement in the stormy coast-lands of southern Iceland, where the bishop spent most of his life. As he grew older he thought seriously of resigning his bishopric and returning to spend his last days in the monastery at Thykkvibaer, where he had once been abbot. But his dream was never realized. On a visitation in western Iceland he became so ill that he reached home only with great difficulty and died shortly after, just sixty years old.

Of a quite different character from Bishop Thorlák, yet equally one of the noteworthy figures of the mediaeval period, is Bishop Guðmund Arason of Hólar, still known by his popular title of Guðmund the Good. As a boy he was without a permanent home and separated from his parents, which may help to account for his infinite sympathy with the poor and homeless. From the time of his ordination he cared for seven poor people and his mother. And in later days a band of unfortunate wretches followed him on his many journeys through his diocese. It has been said, and probably with some truth, that he should never

have become a bishop. Government was as foreign to him as the management of property. But his kingdom was only in one sense of this world. All wretched men were to him God's wretches and he worshipped God by showing mercy to them. 'Do your best for all poor men' is his farewell to one friend. Like Bishop Thorlák, Guðmund struggled to free the Church from the power of the chieftains, though this was never more than a side issue to him. Later generations have judged Bishop Guðmund variously, but one of the greatest modern Icelandic scholars, Professor Sigurður Nordal, likens him to St. Francis of Assisi, summing up his work in these words: 'The people were not the same after such a man had been among them.'

The monastic life, to which Bishop Thorlák often longed to return, was a distinctive feature of Icelandic spirituality. In the thirteenth century, when civil war persisted intermittently for over forty years, the turbulent spirit of the times must have contributed to the popularity of the monastic houses. But monasticism had flourished in Iceland from the first century of the Christian period and there were no fewer than nine monasteries by the fifteenth century. Both the Benedictine and Augustinian Orders founded houses and some of these were in existence for over 400 years. Their reputations as centres of learning and holiness were built on the work of many saintly abbots who were also great teachers and scholars. At the Benedictine monastery of Thingeyrar in northern Iceland, founded in 1133, historical writing flourished, especially under the learned abbot Karl Jonsson towards the close of the twelfth century, while at Thykkvibaer, where Bishop Thorlák had been both prior and abbot, the first attempt to translate the Bible into Icelandic was made. The northern monastery of Thverá was long famous on account of its abbot Nicolás Bergsson who wrote the *Leiðarvísir* or *Itinerarium ad Terram Sanctam*, the first original geographical work written in Iceland.

More than most European countries in the Middle Ages, Iceland suffered from natural calamities which had dire effects on both the monastic and the secular clergy. Cattle diseases, famine and epidemics caused untold distress towards the close of the thirteenth century, while with the outbreak of the volcano Hekla in 1300 there began a series of eruptions and earthquakes which destroyed large numbers of farmsteads and churches. Most serious of all in its consequences for the clergy was the Black Death, which reached Iceland in the autumn of 1402 and raged for

several years. The estimates of casualties in these years are frightening. Three times the see of Skálholt was stricken and in the first visitation all the inhabitants of the bishop's palace perished except the bishop and two servants. At Thykkvibaer monastery only two monks and a lay-brother survived, and at Thingeyrar only one monk. At least one-third of the total population of Iceland are estimated to have died as a result of the plague and of these priests and monks formed a high proportion.

The havoc wrought by the Black Death among the Icelandic clergy seems to have been largely responsible for the persistence of one of the most curious features in the history of the Church in Iceland—the failure of Icelandic priests throughout the Middle Ages to observe celibacy. Before 1275 there appears to have been no Church law imposing celibacy on the Icelandic clergy. Even then the law was confined to the southern diocese for over seventy years and it had little immediate effect, many of the clergy merely celebrating a civil marriage with formal agreements and an exchange of gifts instead of a wedding in church. That this was against the mind of the Church is clear from Papal letters written to Icelandic bishops from time to time deploring the practice. But the bishops, even when they were not themselves offenders, never succeeded in uprooting it. The Protestant Bishop Jón Helgason comments¹ that neither priests nor laymen saw anything sinful or even unseemly in this state of affairs and it is noteworthy that a number of priests who lived as married men were consecrated bishops, apparently without any difficulties being placed in their way. When, indeed, the final struggle came to be waged between the old faith and the new, the great champion of the Catholic cause, Bishop Jón Arason of Hólar, was martyred with his sons at his side.

The new doctrines of Luther were slow to make their way to Iceland and awakened little or no sympathy when they reached the island. In 1538 King Christian III of Denmark had sent to Iceland a code of Church laws embracing Lutheranism. But neither the northern or southern bishops had taken any steps to introduce the code and it was obvious that if the king were to succeed he would have to take sterner measures. One factor favoured him. The Bishop of Skálholt, Ögmund Pálsson, was old and blind and, though a determined opponent of the new doctrines himself, had unwittingly selected a secret Lutheran called Gizur

¹ *Islands Kirke* (G. E. C. Gad, Copenhagen, 1925), p. 209.

Einarsson as his successor. With the knowledge that some support might be expected from this quarter, the king sent a Dane, Christopher Hvitfeld, to Iceland as governor with two warships and instructions to break the resistance of the Catholic clergy. By a treacherous plot, in which Gizur Einarsson seems to have been involved, the Danish governor seized Bishop Ögmund of Skálholt, who was then eighty years old and quite blind, and sent him thinly clad to the coast. There he was placed on board a Danish ship and carried off, never to be seen or heard of in Iceland again. Once the influence of Bishop Ögmund was removed, Gizur Einarsson did not hesitate to declare openly his allegiance to Lutheranism. Even so, popular feeling in the south and the considerable influence of the Catholic north prevented him from any excesses and relations continued friendly for the most part between him and the Catholic Bishop of Hólar, Jón Arason.

With the death of Gizur Einarsson in February 1548 the struggle entered a new and decisive phase. Bishop Jón Arason was now the only rightly consecrated bishop in Iceland and as such he determined to interpose in the episcopal elections in the southern diocese and to stake all in a last effort to win back the whole country to the Faith. He knew the magnitude of the task and the growing forces ranged against him. He had been declared an outlaw by the king without being convicted of any crime and so might be killed with impunity. In the midst of this darkness he received a letter from Pope Paul III which did much to hearten him in his struggle. He had it translated into Icelandic and then summoned all the clergy from the diocese to Hólar where he went in procession to the cathedral and before the high altar read it out to the assembled priests and people. In the letter the Pope commended the bishop's faithfulness to the Church and urged him to heroic resistance against her enemies. And after reading it Jón took a solemn vow that he would rather give up his life than be unfaithful to the Holy Father.

Bishop Jón Arason was now in no doubt as to the course he should pursue. His men arrested the usurping Lutheran bishop of Skálholt, an Icelander named Martein Einarsson, in the autumn of 1549. The king then sent a Danish commandant and an armed band against Bishop Jón, but the Icelanders drove them back to their ships and the bishop rode far and wide over the Skálholt diocese reconsecrating the monasteries and reinstating the monks. Jón was well pleased with this journey and on his return to Hólar

wrote some lively verses which show his humanity and his spirited sense of humour as well as his considerable powers as a poet. Success now seemed assured, but there remained one powerful opponent of Bishop Jón. The imprisoned Lutheran bishop had a brother-in-law named Daði Guðmundsson, a man of shady morals who kept with him a force of armed men. And he it was who in 1550 brought about the final overthrow of the Catholic Faith in Iceland.

While Bishop Jón was on a journey with his sons Ari and Björn they were suddenly attacked by Daði Guðmundsson and eventually seized in the church at Sauðafjöll where they had taken refuge. From there they were sent south in ignominious fashion and imprisoned at Skálholt. The end is all too shortly told. After some charges had been trumped up against the bishop and his sons their captors were still in doubt as to how they could be guarded from the people of the north when one morning one of the party said he knew how the prisoners could be kept safe, adding 'The axe and the earth will keep them best.' His advice was taken and at break of day on Friday, 7 November 1550, Bishop Jón Arason and his sons were beheaded at Skálholt. The bishop's end is characteristic of the man. As he surveyed the crowd which had gathered to see his execution he said: 'As I shall now bid good night to this world and enter a new one with other holy men, I ask you to take greetings to my relatives and friends.' After three strokes of the axe he still lived and was heard to murmur 'In manus tuas, Domine.' Only after the seventh stroke was his head severed from his body.

In few countries have the promoters of the Reformation received such harsh treatment at the hands of subsequent historians, both Catholic and Protestant, as in Iceland. Some Icelanders lived to regret their action and Bishop Martein, the second Lutheran Bishop of Skálholt, was so saddened by the greed of Danish officials and the ignominious position to which they quickly reduced his country that he resigned his bishopric and spent his remaining years in retirement. The conduct of the royal representatives towards Bishop Ogmund and that of Daði Guðmundsson towards Bishop Jón added to the Icelanders' mistrust of the new doctrines and few young men would enter the Lutheran church as pastors. The people themselves, though forced to accept the new church laws by the Danes, still clung to Catholic practices in private. But with the death of Bishop Jón Arason

organized opposition ended and since there was no one of his stature to continue the struggle, within a generation there were no Catholics in the country.

It was over three hundred years later when the Faith returned to Iceland through the work of two French priests, Fathers Baudoin and Bernard, who may truly be called the apostles of modern Iceland. When Father Baudoin arrived in Iceland in 1858 there was not a single Catholic on the island and sharp opposition from the Press and the Lutheran clergy made it difficult for him to teach in public. Father Bernard, who followed shortly after, managed, however, to buy a small property at Landakot, at that time just outside the capital, and there he built a church and school. Meanwhile Father Baudoin by his good life and zealous teaching had won sympathy among the people and the newspaper *Thjóðolfur* went so far as to say of the two priests, 'They have been well received by all with whom they have come in contact because of their goodwill and helpfulness, especially to the sick whom they tend without payment.' When the Icelandic Press was less kind, which happened not infrequently, Father Baudoin met criticism with patient explanation, producing in 1865 the first book of Catholic doctrine to be published in Iceland since the Reformation. The publication of this book, together with the land purchase at Landakot, formed the only obvious success of the two French priests. In fact Father Baudoin's greatest achievement was hidden from him, though had he known its magnitude he would have thought it worth every minute of the many hours he had devoted to the study of Iceland and her people.

When Father Bernard returned to France discouraged by his lack of success, Father Baudoin left Reykjavík for the north, where he stayed with an Icelandic farmer named Einar Asmundsson. Einar was a simple discreet countryman in his early forties, greatly respected locally and a member of the Icelandic parliament. This did not prevent his being sued for harbouring a Catholic priest, but at the trial it was established that the penal laws cited against Father Baudoin were no longer valid. The two men, priest and country M.P., remained firm friends and though Einar Asmundsson never became a Catholic, his son Gunnar Einarsson¹ later became a convert in Copenhagen, and from the

¹ There are no Icelandic family surnames proper. A man's second name, equivalent to our surname was, and still is, formed by adding *son* to the genitive of his father's Christian name. Thus Gunnar took his father's Christian name *Einar* and added *son* to form Einarsson: his son of course became *Gunnarsson*.

time of his return until over twenty years later he was the only Catholic in the whole of Iceland. His son is the present Bishop of Iceland, His Lordship Bishop Johannes Gunnarsson, the first Icelfander to hold this dignity since Jón Arason was beheaded in 1550. Father Bernard's work was also not without its great value for present-day Catholics in Iceland. For the beautiful cathedral of Christ the King, consecrated in 1929, stands on the same land that Father Bernard purchased with such great difficulty at Landakot.

In 1903 the mission of Iceland was handed over to the care of the Dutch de Montfort Fathers (the Company of Mary) by the Holy See and their apostolic work has resulted in the building of a Catholic hospital and the modernization of the Catholic school besides the publication of many works of Catholic apologetics in Icelandic.

There are at present eight missionaries assisting Bishop Johannes Gunnarsson, six Dutchmen and two Icelanders, and though the Catholic population is small—only just over 460 out of a total population of about 145,000—the influence of the Church is far greater than her numbers would suggest. Like most small nations the Icelanders are great lovers of their country and its traditions. And the Catholic cause is helped greatly by the fact that the present bishop is a native Icelfander, of whom his fellow countrymen are justly proud. Less important but of undoubted significance is the increasing recognition among Icelandic historians that the last pre-Reformation Bishop of Hólar was not only a Catholic martyr but also the last great national champion before the country's resurgence in modern times. There is, indeed, a growing realization today among most members of this essentially fair and kindly people of the true greatness of their Catholic heritage.

IS DEMOCRACY POSSIBLE?

By COUNT GONZAGUE DE REYNOLD

AT the end of his book *Liberty or Equality*¹ Kuehnelt-Leddihn gives his answer to this question. It is a ruthless negative. His book, or rather his dossier, provides the proof: what we now call democracy deserves to be so condemned. But there is just a possibility we may have been deceived. Might it not be that the thing we now call democracy is in fact its very opposite?

Our first duty, therefore, is to rethink democracy: *umlernen*, to use a German word rather stronger and more expressive than the English.

Let us try to discover first what is the meaning of the word democracy.

This is far from easy, because it has been used, unfortunately, in such a manner as to empty it of meaning, and load it with ambiguity. Many democrats themselves now realize this; they are concerned to replenish the word with a clear and practical definition, while taking care not to inflate it unduly.

A word with such different and contradictory meanings must end, almost inevitably, by bursting like a penny balloon. When a democracy can be either conservative or revolutionary, liberal or socialist, secularist or Christian, bourgeois or—note the pleonasm!—‘popular’, obviously it is only the adjectives that have substance, the substantive has none; and what is this but standing grammar on its head? Democracy, in such a case, is not a meeting-point but a point of divergence. And not only so; since their lordships of Moscow have proclaimed the advent of their own as the only democracy that merits the name and realizes the thing, it actually involves a danger of war.

The first thing to do is to clear the ground of the confusions and misconceptions that at present encumber it.

No régime, not even democracy, should ever be turned into a religion. There are some who do this. But to make a religion of

¹ Hollis & Carter, 30s.

democracy is to forget, or to deny, that régimes, like all things human, pass away; like all things human, their importance is only temporal. To make a religion of democracy is to give it an absolute or 'normative' value—if I may be pardoned an expression which used to infuriate Paul Valéry. But to give it an absolute, normative value is to turn it into a totalitarian régime: a democracy without opposition, omniscient, universal—in a word, an imperialism. For if it has an absolute value, if it is an ideal régime, it is valid for all possible times and peoples. Hence a right, even the duty, to impose it on all for their own happiness and good. It will be in vain to have fought all the various totalitarianisms, resisted the empires and the tyrants, championed the freedom of opinion and belief, taken up cross and banner to defend the glorious liberty of the human person, if in the end we are to be swept away by fanatical pandemocrats.

This means that we must be careful not to confuse democracy with democratism. By democratism I mean the religion; by democracy, the régime. It is possible to have democracy without having democratism; it is possible (as, alas! we know) to have democratism without democracy. It is only human to entertain illusions and to prefer them to reality. The fostering of this particular illusion is greatly to the interest of the centralizing, all-unifying State. But it is clear how dangerous the ambiguity is.

If we would define a régime, we should be on our guard against adopting a too exalted definition, as Anglo-Saxons do when they define democracy as freedom, justice, and love for the 'common man': these moral principles are equally obligatory in all régimes, always, as they are for all men. We must be on our guard, too, against proclaiming democracy to be the only Christian régime. It could happen, as Alexandre Vinet warns us, that the noun devoured the adjective; the process is of daily occurrence. But no régime may declare without blasphemy: 'It is I that conform most closely to the Gospel, am nearest to God's heart.' The divine right of democracy is even worse than that of Kings: it involves the deification of the people, political pantheism.

A régime, in any case, cannot be enclosed like a concept in a single definition. A régime has to be described, or better still demonstrated. It is demonstrated, not by the beauty of its theory, but by its efficiency in practice, since its sole *raison d'être* is to provide human beings with the means of living. It is easy enough to prove theoretically that this or that régime is better than all others,

that it alone is qualified by nature to procure men's happiness. One could make it a parlour game. Write down on bits of paper the names of every possible and imaginable régime, put them in a hat and shake them up, and I will show you the way the game is played. I will even guarantee to produce a text of Scripture in support of each one of them. But there is one text that applies equally to them all, an all-decisive text: *a fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos*.

Hence another distinction between the ends and the means. No régime is an end, all of them are simply means: the means of making it possible, at a given time and in given circumstances, for this or that people to live. Any régime, regarded as an end in itself, becomes tyrannical, and a disturber of the peace.

And now we come to the word democracy. It is important to settle its meaning, because words contain things; what we badly need today is a good political dictionary.

It is easy to explain monarchy or aristocracy or the totalitarian State; but as soon as we try to explain democracy we come up against all but insuperable difficulties. Why?

The word is originally Greek, therefore a learned word. It is also a composite word, formed out of two, which mean respectively 'people' and 'power'. Therefore to define democracy we have first to decide what we understand by 'people'; secondly what we understand by 'power'; and thirdly what we understand by the relationship existing between people and power.

It is no easy task. To take the first term, people. What do we mean by it? The electoral body? 'The main body of the nation, as opposed to kings and magnates?' The proletariat alone? Is it the present generation, possessing an absolute right of determination over the State? Or, in the Christian conception, a great historic whole, the dead and living together? Or finally are we to make the people something vague and mystical, a mere idea, a sentimental abstraction?

The Greek word *demos*, it is true, may possibly help us to sort out our thoughts. It has nothing to do with the mass, but with the citizens divided into demes. The deme, which we can translate township or village, was not only an administrative division of the Greek city-state, it was the city in miniature. And that, of course, means that it enjoyed local autonomy. In the *demos*, therefore, there is an idea of federation. Make a note of that.

As to the second term, power, of course there is a whole literature on this subject. Even if we reached an understanding about its nature and essence, we should still have to solve the more difficult problem: the relationship between people and power.

All this shows the hopelessness of any attempt to analyse democracy, or reduce it to a formula. We must come at it another way, by the only possible way, which is experience.

In 1918 (if a date must be given), we committed the grave initial mistake of improvising democracy, in circumstances which offered it no chance of survival.

For a democracy to be workable, five conditions at least are indispensable: a measure of prosperity inside the country, a certain degree of security outside, governmental stability, the continuity of an administration that has never degenerated into bureaucracy, and finally, in the individual citizen, a fairly high standard of political education and morals. If these conditions are not fulfilled you will have the name of democracy but not the thing itself.

These are the positive conditions, the fundamentals. But there is also, today, a negative condition. Remember how the three great Hellenic philosophers held that there were beneficial and also mischievous régimes, institutions that educate, others that diseducate. It is obvious enough that the régime of national assemblies and parties is mischievous, that the institutions through which it functions diseducate and even corrupt. So it is important not to confuse the democratic régime with a régime of assemblies and parties. Now it is in just this confusion we are living today. It is a confusion that must be dispelled.

Out of that initial mistake, and the application of it in practice, there has arisen a narrow and mechanical idea of democracy. It has been reduced to a mere electoral system. The reform that is needed is perfectly clear: democracy should be made a living, properly articulated organism, a true system of national relationships.

Does this mean a dilemma: necessity and impossibility?

There is one way of escaping it, and only one: a federalist revolution. (I take 'revolution' in its original sense, that which antiquity gave it: a return to the starting-point.) The federal origin is of the very essence of democracy. I propose to demon-

strate this, if I can, and in so doing to show how we have taken the wrong road, the road of democratism.

But what are we to understand by federalism?

Leaving aside all theory and ideology, all abstract and juridical definition, I would answer quite simply that federalism is the system which makes it possible within a State for democracy to exist and truly live. An answer worthy of La Palice, the great master of the obvious. But we are living at a time when it is constantly necessary to point out the obvious, to refute all the theories, ideologies and abstractions—also, alas, the sentimentalisms. Well, what is obvious—what, in other words, is the result of experience—is the truth of the fact that it is not democracy that is the foundation of federalism, but that federalism is the foundation of democracy.

This is proved by the means we should use to correct three basic mistakes into which we were led by the initial mistake I have mentioned.

The first mistake is about man, the second about the State, the third about society.

The mistake about man as a political person is to confuse the citizen with the elector.

The citizen is more than the elector. As the name indicates, all the elector is called upon to do is to elect persons. The operation consists in dropping into an urn, after electoral campaigns that are far from being either educative or edifying, lists or names provided by the rival parties. It is what is described as representative or indirect democracy: the worst possible form that democracy can assume. The citizen, on the other hand, should feel, year in year out and throughout his whole life, that he himself is the defender of his country, the administrator of its common resources, and personally responsible for carrying on its government. Consequently he should be called upon to give his opinion not only on men but on things. This is direct democracy; of all forms of democracy this is the only good one.

To use an expression of the old régime in Switzerland, the citizen should feel he is a 'member of the sovereign'. But he will feel this only on one condition, that he is really an *hypostasis* of governmental power, or in other words a political person, not an isolated individual lost in the electoral mass. And this condition requires another: the feeling he should have of his governmental

responsibility. Democracy is impossible when a man's allegiance is first to his party rather than to his country, when a citizen regards the State as something external to him that requires his submission or, worse still, as an enemy.

The correction of the first mistake about man—which means restoring to the citizen his dignity and responsibility as a political person—is necessarily bound up with the correction of the second, about the State.

This we have met before, as state-ism.

Of the three mistakes this is the most monstrous; literally monstrous, because it makes a monster of the State. 'The coldest of cold monsters', it was called by Nietzsche, the hater of Prussia and adversary of the Reich, Nietzsche who was appealed to, and so mistakenly, by the national-socialists—and died a Swiss citizen!

There are two factors in this particular problem. The first, which is negative, is the defence of man against State aggression. The second, which is positive, is the citizen's participation in the power of the State. For we have now reached the point when the citizen or the elector is no longer in a position to protect the individual from enslavement to the State.

To protect man from the State, there must be buffers, or filters, between them—such as democratism has broken down; for the solitary individual is like a speck of dust under a vacuum-cleaner. But similarly, if the citizen is to share in the active power of the State, there must be intermediate stages between them—such as democratism has broken down. This is where federalism comes in.

In its political aspect it sets against State centralization the autonomy of those historical and natural regions which together make up the nation as a whole. By so doing it saves the individual first, and afterwards the nation, from being wholly absorbed by the State. Not only this, but it saves the State itself from being absorbed by bureaucracy; and this by recalling the State to its proper function, which is not to do everything itself, but to direct the whole.

To put it more exactly, the concentrationist State should be replaced by something wholly different, the federative State. It is precisely the function of the federative State to establish buffers between the citizen and the central power; these buffers are little States, we will call them cities, in the sense in which the word was understood by antiquity. Each of these cities should have a

government of its own and a territory of its own ; in short, its own sovereignty. In favour of the central power, the city may agree to make extensive sacrifices of sovereignty, but this should always be for the better safeguarding and defence of essentials. When it relinquishes any of its authority to the central power, it will do so only by way of delegation. Such is the federative principle, in so far as concerns sovereignty.

In the matter of political machinery, the governing rule should be this: the central State should treat with the confederate States, but the federate States alone should treat with the individual. After all, for dealing with the individual the confederate State is in a far better position than the central State, which is too remote to distinguish anything but the mass. The city is therefore the buffer. It is also an intermediate stage, because it can associate the citizen directly with its power and so accomplish his political education.

The central State will keep its right of legislation ; but the laws it makes will be only general laws, thus leaving to the cities, the confederate States, their right to translate these into practical effect. But there are three departments in which the fullest sovereignty will be reserved to these States: religion, education and (in the case of a multilingual nation) language. And incidentally these three domains include all that is most personal and sacred to the individual. It is therefore about things that are very close to him indeed, things within his immediate awareness and in which he actually participates, that it belongs to the citizen to legislate and govern.

And this brings us to the way to correct the third error, that concerning society, for federalism has a social as well as a political side.

What is the use of fighting centralization in the whole national territory, of fighting unification and bureaucracy there, if the confederate States, and even local districts, preserve or establish their own centralization, their own unification and bureaucracy?

What is the situation at present?

Besides the experience of bureaucratic and totalitarian statism, we suffer something else as well, something extremely serious for the future of civilization: the absorbing of society by the State. The State is replacing society through the tentacles of its own organization, an organization originating in itself and returning to

itself. But until a new society has emerged and established itself, there can be no new type of civilization.

We are therefore presented with the following parallel: if society is being replaced by organization, this is because civilization is being replaced by production. A tragic proof of the depths of materialism into which we have sunk.

Materialism sees man as nothing but a bond-slave of the State, a factor in production. Federalism, on the other hand, which is essentially Christian, sees man as a human person. That is why federalism has a social aspect.

This social aspect is linked to its political aspect *consubstantially*—if we may be permitted this theological term.

The federalist principle certainly means more than the political relationship between the confederate States and the central State: it includes that of the confederate States to the human person. Just as the central government is bound to respect the rights and autonomy of the confederate States, so the latter have to respect all the rights and autonomy of the various social groups out of which they are formed. By social groups I mean districts and townships, families and professions; and not only these but religious organizations, in fact all associations of every kind spontaneously devised by civilization for its own propagation and defence.

Anyone who is at pains to number and to classify the various social groupings will come to divide them into two main classes. In the first will be those which directly constitute each confederate State: districts, townships, families; in the second, the groups whose ramifications extend throughout the nation—e.g. the major professional associations.

All I have been able to do is to draw a sketch. It is enough, I think, to make this fact clear: federalism is a means of liberation.

The eighteenth-century *philosophes* and the Jacobins of the French Revolution aimed also at effecting a liberation. But the mentality of the first was an over-simplifying mentality; that of the second, destructive. Moreover the former led to the latter. Instead of enlarging on this I will refer the reader again to the work of Kuehnelt-Leddihn.

Our task today is to set ourselves free from that particular liberation, because it has given us state-ism, and totalitarian-ism which is its logical conclusion. This liberation from liberation sets

up the human principle in opposition to the mechanistic. It ends the exhausting, barren struggle between the living country and the *pays légal* by completely incorporating the second in the first.

But if we are to succeed we must not be frightened of complexity. If there is one thing we can profitably take over from feudalism and the *ancien régime*, it is precisely their complexity. For it reflected the complications of life itself, of human diversity. It possessed a suppleness which the mechanical State has lost: one could be all manner of different and even conflicting things at once, a subject of the Crown of France and also of the Holy Roman Empire, sending representatives to the Imperial Diet and to the Helvetic Diet as well; one could be king in one's own realm but a mere prince or count in the realm of another, or have the status of a free man in one respect but that of a serf in another. Why? Because everything started from below, from the roots; not from above, from theory. The 'concentrationist' State has replaced the old tree with a steel frame constructed on a foundation of reinforced concrete; but there are enough roots still left in the earth of Europe to allow the tree to grow again even now.

It is impossible to overmultiply autonomies if we are to establish democracy, after the counsel given us by Pius XII, by splitting the mass into its component parts. For the choice is between natural and bureaucratic complexity. Every social autonomy means the suppression of a ministry. Surely we may grant that at any rate in this old Europe of ours—or what is left of it—people are sufficiently educated to be their own clerks?

But the more the diversity that exists at the circumference, the greater must be the stability prevailing at the centre. There is no régime that stands in as much need of this stability as democracy: it is a condition of its functioning. When the centre is unstable movement at the circumference comes to a stop. When the keystone gives way the building collapses. This law of physics applies equally to politics; for there is a 'science' of politics, as nature and reason require.

The government of the Swiss confederation has remained for five centuries unchanged. But it is not its *Bundesrat* I have now in mind: Switzerland is an example, I grant, but it is not a model. The institution I am thinking of is monarchy. For monarchy is an institution, not a régime. It is absolutism that is a régime. But absolutism is by no means necessarily monarchical; it can also be democratic—democratic, that is, in the current and fallacious

sense of the word. As an institution, monarchy guarantees both the solidity and the continuity of democracy.

I will end by asking the question once more: Is democracy possible today?

On the face of it the answer can only be negative. Every tendency in the contemporary world is in the opposite direction: making, by way of state-ism, for totalitarianism. Even in a little nation like Switzerland there are two régimes in conflict: state-ism and democracy, centralized state-ism against federalist democracy. Even in a little nation like Switzerland the State is clearly strong, democracy weak.

But if we look more closely we can see the weakness of the state-ist régime.

The big centralized State, bureaucratic and totalitarian, is just a mass of machinery, itself kept running by a central engine. Damage the engine and the machinery stops; and when the machinery stops, the mass disintegrates. But if the mass, thanks to federalism, becomes once more a people and the machine an organism, then people and organism will go on living by themselves, even after the centre has ceased to function. The parts are always capable of joining up again and making another centre for themselves.

From the Reformation to the First World War, there was a certain 'acceleration of history': it frightened Michelet. Since 1914, we have witnessed the paroxysm of history. There is evidence of this in the fact that from 1914 to 1955 the map of Europe has changed five times: once, on an average, every eight years. And the result? At this moment, as I write, Europe is no more; a vital part of her has been amputated: that eastern part, which the 'victorious democracies' offered in sacrifice.

But now that we have reached this state of paroxysm we know that such a condition cannot possibly last long. Thinking men are now convinced that the state in which we are living is purely provisional; sooner or later there must be a complete upheaval.

The contemporary world faces the same dilemma as the ancient world: freedom or fatality.

If we really understand the situation, if we have enough intelligence to foresee, enough will to create eventualities of our

own instead of submitting to the eventualities of others, and if we have courage enough to be fearless of danger, then, when the effort has been completed, we shall again find freedom.

If, on the other hand, we have no such understanding and no such intelligence, if above all we have not this will and prove to be lacking in courage, then eventualities will sweep us away and we shall find ourselves the victims of fate.

Then democracy will be no longer possible. All the conditions that could have made it possible will have been destroyed and we shall find ourselves dragged down in a vast regression from civilization to barbarism, and perhaps from the barbarous to the primitive.

The Church would have men meditate on death in order that they may learn to live better. The series of disasters that have happened in the last half century ought to have brought communities in the same way to attend to their last ends and so learn to live better.

To live better is to live an ordered existence. 'Peace is the tranquillity of order', in the familiar words of St. Augustine, in the *City of God*. He too had meditated on the disasters he had witnessed.

Optimism, too often, is mere mental idleness. I will close, all the same, on a note of optimism:

When, after exhausting all the reserves the nations have in hand, the state-ist system has finally collapsed, the democracy I have here conjured up will become possible. Indeed, it will be necessary; for it will be the only possible means of restoring order amid anarchy, that anarchy to which régimes that are concentrationist and totalitarian—to use these barbarous words for the last time—are all by their inherent destiny condemned.

LETTERS FROM NEWMAN AND OTHERS TO SIR PETER LE PAGE RENOUF

By KATHLEEN POND

MANY striking figures moved across the stage of Catholicism in England during the nineteenth century: Wiseman, born in Spain of parents forced to emigrate on account of persecution in their native Ireland—Wiseman, distinguished both for character and intellect, with his cosmopolitan outlook and breadth of vision as to what the Church in this country, at that time so insular, might become—and who, among his other achievements, was co-founder and editor of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*; Ullathorne, the Yorkshireman who had run away to sea, Benedictine and later bishop, who, if he was blunt rather than brilliant, yet had the wisdom and generosity to understand and sympathize with the converts from the Oxford Movement even when he differed from them; Newman, prince of scholars, Oxford and English through and through, whose influence far exceeded that of any other figure in English Catholicism during the century and the extent of whose greatness it is perhaps even yet too early to assess; Manning, whose long and persistent opposition to Newman needs to be offset by his work for social justice (of which his triumph over the dock strike was but one example) and his kindness and sympathy with those in humble walks of life. Yet the great names in nineteenth-century Catholicism in England tend to obscure the achievements of men, of lesser renown certainly, but whose labours for God and their fellows should not be allowed to fall into oblivion. Among many other such figures—Monsignor Talbot, T. W. Allies, Aubrey de Vere, was the Guernseyman, Peter Le Page Renouf.

Born in 1822 and a convert to Catholicism twenty years later (thus preceding Newman into the Church by three years) while an undergraduate of Pembroke College, Oxford, Renouf was in constant touch with the leading figures of the Catholic life of his

day in England, and to some extent in France and Germany. His letters¹ bring us into touch with Newman, Acton, Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, and many other distinguished names. They also reveal the richly-patterned personality of one who, though probably no claim to sanctity will ever be put forward in his regard, was a loyal convert to the Church, placing principle before feeling and doing what his conscience bade him sometimes at the cost of great sacrifice. His withdrawal of the *Honorius Pamphlets* is an instance. It is interesting to note that Renouf was the prominent layman who suggested to Newman the founding of a Catholic College at Oxford.

The correspondence as a whole furnishes us with a picture of Renouf's life as a scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford, where he came under the influence of Newman, of his stay in France as tutor to Count Vaulchier's sons, of his work as Professor at the ill-fated Catholic University of Dublin where he first turned his attention to Egyptology, and, later, as Chief Inspector of Schools, a post he held for nearly twenty years; of his connexion with the *Home and Foreign*, of his pamphlets (1868-9) on Pope Honorius referred to above; also of his work as an Egyptologist, rated very highly by scholars, and his troubles with the British Museum. Only correspondence of a specifically Catholic interest will come within the scope of these articles.

Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, whose correspondence with Montalembert has already figured in the pages of this review,² was also one of Renouf's correspondents, and the letters include one from Father Gentili to Phillipps de Lisle, which is reproduced here:

Loughborough in festo SS. Angelorum

1843

My Dear Friend and Brother in Xto,

He who gives scandal is obliged to repair it. That I must do with you, to whom I perceive from the letter you have written to Mr Lockhart, I have given a very grievous one. I must then in the most explicit manner declare that when I told you, that some people cannot have for their religious conversation but one subject, namely, pointed architecture, and sacred ceremonies, 1st I never intended to allude to

¹ I wish to thank the Librarian of Pembroke College, Oxford, for his kindness in allowing me access to this correspondence.

² See THE DUBLIN REVIEW, Nos. 463-8.

any person either at Oscott, or at Oxford, nor to any ecclesiastic whatsoever, 2ndly, I never meant to say, that they confined the *practice* of their religion to those two points; and 3rdly, that never passed through my mind to draw any comparison between persons and persons, or seculars, and regulars, or others, and *myself*. My pride is very great indeed! and I pray to God every day to deliver me from it, but I ought to be mad rather than proud to think myself better than the venerable body of ecclesiastics, that dwell in that house, or any other secular. You say, that you *know*, that I have no good opinion of you, and your companions, but I must say, that this has afflicted me deeply, because I can solemnly declare, *this not to be true*. What I told you about the never ending topick of ceremonies etc. I said it only in reference to some persons, whom through your help I hoped to see as well interested in promoting virtue, which is the substance of our religion, as well as ceremonies, which in a great part are accidental. I said this to you, because I was told, that you were a spiritual man, and I thought, that you could have done, what I had several times attempted to do, but in vain. It was then through a desire of seeing my friends more perfect, and consequently through a feeling of charity, and the interest of others' sanctification, that I spoke, and not through a feeling of uncharity or disrespect or bad opinion of anyone, that I spoke to you on the subject you mention in your letter; at all events if you do not think me entitled to be believed, I ask you a thousand pardons, and I beg you to have what I said for not having been said at all, and to believe, that I do not certainly entertain in my mind, any such notion, that I am better or holier than any one there or elsewhere. I have always loved and esteemed everyone in that house, and so I shall always do. Charity, my dear friend, is the principal virtue of a christian, and this I hope to profess to the very end of my life. Humility comes next to it, and if I am not humble, yet I hope to become so. Pray then for me, that I may obtain so great a blessing. Excuse my blunders, and believe me always,

Your's truly and sincerely in Xst J.

A. Gentili.

A more winning appeal to one whose susceptibilities seemed to have been unreasonably offended, it is hard to imagine.

The first letter from Ambrose Phillipps himself to Renouf was written in June 1842:

Garendon Park
InFesto S Albani. Protomartyris Angliae.

1842

My dear Sir,

I cannot allow your delightful letter to remain unanswered—for it has excited too many deep sympathies, for me to keep silence—let me then say that I perused it with tears, and that I receive it as a fresh token for renewing my hopes.

I enclose the one I promised from Dr Woods, ex-provincial of the English Dominicans, a venerable Priest of 72 years of age, but one of the clearest heads amongst us here in England. You will read it with interest, and you may shew it to any one, whom you please; when you have done with it, pray return it to me, for I value it.

The news about Miss Gladstone is truly delightful! God be praised for it.

Let me entreat you to remember me in your holy prayers. Pray that I may be more and more converted to Jesus Christ every day, more and more devoted to the cause of His holy Church.

The half sovereign came quite safe. Mrs. Phillippo unites with me in very kind regards—What are you going to do during the vacation?

Believe me ever,

very faithfully your's in the heart of Jesus

Ambrose Lisle Phillippo

The reference to Miss Gladstone commemorates the conversion to Catholicism of Gladstone's sister, Helen.

Before the next letter, written in the early part of 1843, Dr. Woods had died:

Grace Dieu Manor

Feast of St Ignatius Patriarch of Antioch

1843

My dear Sir,

I will not delay thanking you for your kind letter, enclosing that interesting paper of my late lamented friend Dr Woods.

The intelligence you give me of these conversions is indeed cheering and I feel confident that they are but the prelude to many more nay even to that of the entire kingdom. Spencer will probably have told you of the very interesting visit we received here from Lord John Manners, and of the consoling information he gave me of the spreading of Catholic principles amongst the higher members of the Aristocracy, and that *they* looked upon the Queen herself as a convert to these principles. All this is most cheering, and if we only give it *time to work* and *fair play*, this movement must inevitably bring the whole Kingdom back to that Unity from which in an evil hour it was so cruelly severed.

I shall have great pleasure in writing to your old friend, and still greater in shewing him Xtian hospitality, should anything ever bring him this way.

I feel very sensible of the kind things your friend Dalgairns has been good enough to say about me, I assure you I regretted as much as he could his absence from Littlemoor the day I called. Who is the author of that charming article in the last British Critick "on Dante and the Catholick Philosophy of the 13th Century"? I almost suspect it is Mr Dalgairns—if so, do tell him when you write that I have been more pleased with it than I can find words to express. An old Dominican

Friar to whom I read it the other day quite melted over it into tears of sympathy and gratitude.

But let me conclude for the hour of post is come—Mrs Phillipps begs me to convey to you her best thanks for your kind congratulations on her recent confinement

I am, My dear Sir,
yours faithfully in Xt,
Ambrose Lisle Phillipps

The Renouf correspondence affords no indication as to the conversions mentioned in this letter, or as to the identity of the 'old friend' who is to enjoy the hospitality of Grace Dieu Manor.

Gracedieu Manor
In festo S. Patris Nostri Augustini Cantuar.
Arch.i.
(no year)

My dear Sir,

I write a line to say that I have been examining a little into the questions, concerning which you and I had an incidental discussion with my chaplain Dr Gentili, and I find that the view which I then took upon the subject, viz "that the *power* of hearing confessions and giving absolution was given in the *Sacrament of Order*, and that the restriction of its exercise was of *ecclesiastical* not of *divine* institution." I say, I find that my statement was strictly correct, and that Dr Gentili's was contrary to that of the Council of Trent—here are the words of the Sacred Council (Sessio XXIII cap. XV).

'Quamvis Presbyteri in sua ordinatione a peccatis absolvendi potestatem accipiant; decernit tamen sancta synodus nullum etiam regularem posse confessiones secularium &c.'

Nothing can be clearer than these words, the power is given in *ordination*, the restriction of its exercise is an *ecclesiastical arrangement*, a very wise and holy one obviously: but still to call it of *divine institution* in the proper and absolute sense of the term would plainly be to contradict the words of the Tridentine decree—apply this principle to the *particular* question about which you and I were talking, and *I think the conclusion is not otherwise than consoling*.

I will not say more now, excepting that I hope you got home to Oscot in good time, and that you enjoyed the Processions on Corpus Xti day. Mrs Phillipps unites with me in kind regards, and I am,

My dear Sir,
very faithfully your's
Ambrose Lisle Phillipps

This letter would seem to indicate that the writer has no small opinion of himself as a theologian!

Of the score of letters extant from Newman to Renouf, the first is dated 1846 and the last 1886—a span of forty years, the first letter from Maryvale being written in the year following Newman's conversion and the last when he had been a Cardinal of the Holy See for already seven years.

The 'literary friend' referred to in the first letter may have been Mr. Burns, founder of Burns, Oates.¹ It would not appear that the suggestion came to anything, so far as Newman was concerned.

I

Mary Vale, March 11, 1846

My dear Renouf,

A literary friend is about to publish a library of popular works, and he writes to me as follows:—the passage will speak for itself and I have only to ask you to think about it and return me an answer.

'There are several gentlemen whom you know and whom I do not, of whose co-operation I am extremely desirous . . . Allow me then to ask you for the benefit of your aid in finding authors for works on the following subjects.

1. I remember reading some years ago your History of the Arians. In its present state it would be too long, and as I recollect some parts of it too abstruse for a volume of my Library, but I think that a little easy abridgment would make it a popular work. Do you know anyone to whom with the benefit of your recommendation I could apply to make such an abridgment?
2. I wish very much to have a volume on the History of the Devotion to the Blessed Virgin—Some of Mr Renouf's writings suggested him to me as a most desirable writer on such a subject.
3. The Anglicans have a work now rather scarce by Arch^{bp} Wake, a translation with critical &c. notices of the first age after the Apostles. A similar Catholic volume would, I think, be very useful and in the highest degree interesting and edifying.
4. A life and estimate of Dante with a prose translation of the Inferno, in one volume; to be followed by a second volume containing a prose translation of the Purgatorio and Paradiso'.

I will add that, if you think you can aid in any such plan as this letter contemplates, I will tell you the name of my correspondent—but I suppose he may wish it kept secret, unless it is the turning-point of your decision. Perhaps, however, you have heard all about it before.

Yours very truly,

John H. Newman

¹ I am indebted to the late Fr. Henry Tristram, of the Birmingham Oratory, for this suggestion.

A letter from the Birmingham Oratory in February 1853 refers, among other matters, to articles written by Renouf:

II

O^y B^m

Feb. 10/53

My dear Renouf,

Excuse my troubling you—but you have already written to that Agent of the Prince's,¹ and therefore I think you can do me the service more easily.

That former application did no good—but that is no matter. *This* he must listen too [*sic*]. He only sent (thro' Charles de Ligne) £75 in November instead of £150. Now February is come. If he paid me punctually (as he said he w^d and as the £75 implies) I ought to have another quarter, £75 now—but none has come that I know of. Perhaps a word to Ch. de Ligne w^d be enough—If not, I must ask you the great kindness of writing—I think the Agent's name is Hubert.

Don't think I don't covet the articles you gave me hope of—Egypt and Rome—because I did not notice them in my list—but I don't want to be unreasonable.

Ever Yrs

JHN.

Do ask your wife to give and get me some good prayers for Fr Flanagan, tho' she does not know him, you do. We are most cut up. JHN.

The reference to Fr. Flanagan is probably to Thomas Flanagan (1814–65), professor at Oscott and Canon of the Birmingham Cathedral Chapter. He died at Kidderminster.

In 1850 the Catholic University in Dublin had been decided upon (by a majority of one!) and after a good deal of negotiation on the part of the Irish bishops, much of which was, to say the least of it, unbusinesslike, Newman was appointed Rector. In September 1853 he sounded Renouf as to becoming Professor (subsequently only a 'Lecturer' was appointed) of French Language and Literature in the Irish University, a post which the latter eventually accepted. The letter bears at the top in Renouf's hand the words: 'I had written to ask if he could recommend an English tutor for the sons of the Marquis de Froissard.'

¹ See Letter VI.

III

My dear Renouf,

I fear you are asking to find what is not very easy to secure—but if I have any opportunity of hearing of the sort of person, you shall have a line from me.

I wish you had told me something about yourself and what you are doing. You are quite dead to your English friends. Why don't you come and help at the New University? Would not there be an opening for a Professor of the French language and literature? At present I don't know how the land lies, and have no power whatever—but I wish you would look towards Ireland.

Yours affectionately in Xo.

John H. Newman
of the Oratory

Edgbaston, Birmingham,
Sept 6/53

Further details about the French lectureship are given in the following letter:

IV

Waterford Feby 20, 1854
my address is "16 Harcourt Street, Dublin
or "Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham

My dear Renouf,

I am making a circuit of (a) good part of Ireland to pay my respects to the Bishops. I am shortly in England again, & then back to Dublin.

I wish very much to hear from you. At this moment, I have not the fullest powers to engage persons, but, if I do not anticipate the question, I shall be losing valuable weeks.

If I offered you the Lectureship of French Literature for 3 years (we shall have no Professor at all at present) at £150 a year at least, would it be worth your acceptance?

We must begin all of us *con amore* with zeal to do a great work as the first motive, with other motives in the background.

I suppose our session would be 8 or 9 months with some little cessation at Christmas and Easter—Dublin is a very cheap place to live in. But what your work would be and what your remuneration it is impossible to calculate at first. We are making a great experiment. When you came, French perhaps might fail of a Professorship (though I don't know why it should and I have given it above a trial of three years)—but, if so, is there any other subject which would tempt you? It is difficult to write—easy to talk.

Most sincerely yours in Xto

John H Newman
of the Oratory

The following letter was written after a visit to Dublin. J. H. Pollen, referred to in the postscript, was to be Professor of the Fine Arts.

V

The Oratory, Hagley Road

Bm. June 3/55

My dear Renouf,

I never had so terrible a passage—but however, it is over.

Robert Wilberforce will be passing from this place through Dublin on *Tuesday* or *Wednesday*. Please tell Frederic to get ready for him the room which *Thynne* was in.

Thank Frederic for his letter which has just come, & which is very satisfactory. Tell him the slab may be got for the hearth which he speaks of.

My love to the Boys—so, Frances has got a cold by going home.

Ever Yours most sincerely in Xt.

John H. Newman
of the Oratory

P. Renouf Esq.

P.S. Wilberforce has settled to leave this at 8 p.m. on Tuesday: so he will arrive in Harcourt Street early Wednesday morning—Tell Harry he must act as his page. He wants to find out about Pollen.

Two young Belgian princes, sons of the Prince de Ligne, were at the Catholic University, and it was felt that they should not be allowed to plead the privilege of rank as an excuse for neglecting work in favour of social activities. Newman's support of this attitude is shown in this letter. The letter also expresses his anxiety as to where the money to finance the University was to come from.

VI

The Oratory,
Birmingham

February 6. 1857

My dear Renouf,

I wrote to Mrs Grattan to give leave to the two Princes to go to the Lord Lieutenant's—and also to her party—but I don't think this should recur. Accordingly I have written to the Lord Lieutenant to beg him to allow them to decline invitations in future, and I inclose a line to Prince Charles, if you think it well to give it him—but read it first.

Our final account day is on Monday next—on Tuesday I shall go to town, &, I suppose, see Brodie—tho' I only do it to know *how* to doctor myself—and, unless he tells me to stop at home and blister, I propose to come to you on Wednesday.

Since I wrote the above, your letter has come—you will see I have anticipated it. *By all means* go yourself. I know what a bore it must be.

I had not heard distinctly about Dr Slattery's death.

I am, *entre nous*, seriously anxious about money matters, i.e. how money is to (be) got, in time to come, from the Trustees for the University expenses. With that view, I have determined to take no rent at all for Church seats—& it will be our interest in Harcourt Street to make our house simply self supporting. The nuisance will be when my Rector's £400 goes.

Ever Yrs affly

JH. Newman

When will you all really begin to understand that I am too old to be in two places at once?

Perhaps you had better *translate* my letter to Prince Charles—lest, in his imperfect knowledge of English, there sh^d be anything which seemed harsh to him.

The Dr. Slattery referred to was Michael Slattery (1785–1857), Archbishop of Cashel. He was an M.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, and was against the New Catholic University.

A letter of 11 October 1858 mentions appointments in the Dublin University. None of the names here mentioned figured in the first published list of Professors.¹

VII

The Oratory,

Birmingham Oct^r 11, 1858

My dear Renouf,

I was very glad to hear from you. Döllinger had gone, & a Vice Rector appointed, however, before your letter came. Dr Kelly of Maynooth is the Vice-Rector, a very good appointment, & Döllinger w^d not accept, I am sure, a mere Upper-deanship. I wish he could be Rector—he w^d have consented seven years ago, I think—not now. I don't suppose I can be long Rector—the Archbishops have peremptorily called me into residence, & that is impossible.

I hope you have been busy for the Atlantis during the Vacation, and are with your Wife well. Say everything kind from me to her. I wish

¹ See J. Elliot Ross, *John Henry Newman* (London, 1933), p. 91.

you would break your Dublin journey at Birmingham—but I should not wonder if I am at Dublin before you.

Ambrosden is to be Dean of my house, Peasey Math. Tutor and Arnold classical.

I wish you would do me a favour. The two Princes have owed me £150 since March 17—and I can't get it. It is very hard. If you thought you could write to the man of business, Hubert (is that the name?) at Brussels a line in my name, it might do me some good. You know, I never was paid properly the *first* sum—but I have passed that over.

My hand is so tired with writing that you will hardly be able to read this.

I have no news for you.

Ever yours affly

John H. Newman
of the Oratory

P.L.P. Renouf Esq.

Reference is made in this letter to Renouf's articles for the *Atlantis*, the predecessor of the *Home and Foreign*. The 'I (?) B.M.' mentioned is probably J. B. Morris. Again Newman refers to the financial aspect of the University. He has undertaken to restart the *Rambler*.¹

VIII

The Oratory, Birmingham

June 22, 1859

My dear Renouf,

I saw some pages of your new article in the *Atlantis* on Scott's Proof yesterday—and my conscience smote me, I had not written to you for an age. The truth is, my *work* is writing. I have been writing from morning to night, now for weeks, or rather months, and my fingers are a-weary, a-weary—and won't make letters.

I meant to have written to compliment you on your January article—which was sure to do us credit—my only criticism was that it was too short. I am truly glad to see by one of your opening sentences in the forthcoming article, that you are going to do penance and to make restitution for the disappointment of the reader, by treating a course of subjects.

Do you know that Palmer sent me an Egyptian article too?—and it would have appeared except for its *length*. It was a sad disappointment, in the other extreme from yours.

I know you have been keeping your eye over I(J?) B.M.'s. As you are an adept in hieroglyphics you are the proper person. I fear all sorts of heterodoxies and improprieties, but I could but gaze hopelessly at

¹ The *Rambler* was at this time in bad repute and Wiseman hoped that Newman's editorship would be the means of the paper's regaining its old prestige.

his MS and send it to the press. It seemed a learned argument, carefully worked out, but I am much afraid of our teeth being set on edge with sour grapes.

And then I had to thank you for the book you sent me and the accompanying letter—I believe the German Preface was in a good measure your own, & useful to strangers.

Of course I am looking with anxiety at the meeting of the Bishops; but still on the whole I am hopeful. If they do not increase the salaries, they will be sadly blind to the interests of the University—but I don't know the politics, or the dispositions of the *cotus* [*sic*].

I had engaged to start the Rambler anew for the Proprietors—and now my work is getting to an end—for I hope two numbers will be considered enough.

My kindest & best remembrances to your wife. It is always a regret to me that I have not been able to make myself better known to her. You should be so good, if she would consent, to come round this way when the Vacation releases you from Dublin.

Ever yours affectly in Xt
John H. Newman
of the Oratory

Döllinger at this time was of course still an orthodox Catholic. As the next two letters show, Father Darnell of the Birmingham Oratory was publishing a translation of his latest work.

IX

The Oratory,
Birmingham
March 29 1860

My dear Renouf,

I am glad of an occasion to write to you, & to ask of the welfare of yourself & all yours.

The occasion is this—Fr Darnell of this Oratory is publishing a translation of Döllinger's last work—hitherto Sir John Acton has looked over the proof sheets in order to detect blunders in translation. It is certain, with his present duties, that he cannot do so longer—especially as, during the last 4 months, scarcely 100 sheets have got through the Press, to the great dissatisfaction of the Printers.

Now could you undertake this work? It would consist in running your eye over the translation & putting a pencil mark against any unscholarlike rendering & a[ll] that, as the sheets pass through the Press. I should trust it would not be much trouble.

I admire your articles in the Atlantis, with a profound sense of my ignorance and your learning.

Ever yours affly
John H. Newman

x

The Oratory Bm
May 20—1860

My dear Renouf,

I am shocked, but not at all surprised, at receiving your letter. Your first came all right, and it is not my fault that we have not availed ourselves of it—but Sir J.A. kept a dead silence, though Fr Darnell wrote I don't know how often.

Singularly enough, this very post which brings your second letter brings one from him—of which I transcribe a passage. It is addressed to Fr Darnell.

"I am afraid you must consider me your worst enemy. Döllinger was unwilling to let me off, & I was unwilling to admit that I could not perform my contract. I ought to have confessed my total inability before, but I continued to hope that I should find time to do it and meanwhile have caused you this dreadful delay."

Then he goes on to say that at last he gives it up as a bad job, & that Döllinger is pleased at the notion of your taking his place.

Now then I hope we shall have your help—but it is a sad thing that so much time has been wasted, and the Long Vacation is drawing near.

As to my Vocabulary, I have done nothing & despair of doing anything. To tell the truth, tho' *I do not wish it mentioned*, I have got into such hot water by some things I have published of an historical character, that I have intermitted all patristical studies; & very much doubt if I shall resume them. It is not pleasant at my age to have the annoyance of protests &c.

I was much pleased by what you told me about the Atlantis. I see de Vaulchier is translating some English book—I forget what. I wish I knew Forfar's [?—this word is smudged] address.

Come this way when you go to the Continent. Perhaps you will find [word smudged] Dr. Logan on a visit here.

Ever y^r aff^{ly}
John H. Newman

(To be continued)

BOOK REVIEWS

CHURCH ART

Church Building and Furnishing: The Church's Way. By J. O'Connell.
(Burns & Oates. 21s.)

THIS is a well-constructed and well-written book on every aspect of church building and furnishing from the altar to the hassocks. It is set out in tabulated form and each item is discussed under the main headings of history and law. But it is not only an admirable reference book: it can be read through with sustained interest and enjoyment. That is a rare success in presentation.

Fr. O'Connell states his subject in the Foreword: 'The book confines itself—and I emphasize this—to a study of *liturgical law* in regard to the building, decoration and furnishing of a Catholic church'; and he adds later: 'I have tried to deal with the complex and, in some respects, obscure subjects of "Christian tradition" and the "laws of sacred art", but *only from the limited standpoint of liturgical law*'. But his book demonstrates that such a position cannot be maintained. Aesthetic values are continually implicit and frequently explicit because we cannot discuss the laws of sacred art and ignore art. Unfortunately Fr. O'Connell does not seem so well-informed on the theory, practice or history of art as he so impressively is on liturgy. For example, it is one of these laws of sacred art that it must be 'in full accordance with liturgical law'. 'This conformity . . .', Fr. O'Connell says, 'goes a long way to procuring, almost automatically, a worthy artistic form.' But no art can be almost automatic; no conformity with anything outside the principles of art itself can raise the artefact to the work of art. This has nothing to do with the old foolish doctrine of art for art's sake nor does it mean that the artist must not conform with all sorts of outside laws and conditions. He generally must. This liturgical conformity, then, like other such conformities, is no more than a condition which makes a work of art suitable as a work of *sacred art*.

Liturgical conformity would, none the less, if generally observed, have an excellent negative effect on our churches. It would clear them

of rubbishy clutter. It would establish a focus of design by a proper treatment of the altar, and a proportion in design by recognizing 'the hierarchical element in a church plan, the difference in importance of the various parts of the building, the different emphasis to be laid on certain features'. But this of itself would do no more than prevent aggressive badness—vulgarity, tawdriness and overcrowding. It might even 'almost automatically' produce works in 'good taste'; but there are many people who feel that that embalment is worse than the haphazard life of tasteless piety.

Fr. O'Connell's book is only illustrated, apart from diagrams, with photographs of eight altars in their settings. These are exercises in the Byzantine, Gothic, Baroque and Classical styles except for one, which is in the present manner of 'good taste'. They are not mentioned in the text and we may only presume that Fr. O'Connell offers them as liturgically correct: but the choice remains significant. He is, one feels, in sympathy with the artistic views of Cardinal C. Costantini and of his brother Archbishop G. Constantini, the President of the Pontifical Commission for Sacred Art, and therefore with the position of *Fede e Arte*. I discussed this periodical in THE DUBLIN recently (First Quarter, 1954) and I shall only repeat here that it is an attitude of lip-service to modern art but often holds up to admiration works of the dreariest academicism or of the flashiest pseudo-modern. An excellent article on 'Ecclesiastical Art', which was almost confined to Catholic art, appeared in the recent Religious Book Supplement to *The Times Literary Supplement* (6 May 1955). It spoke out strongly against the situation in Rome. 'These two prelates are the fountainhead of ecclesiastical patronage in Italy; the almost total absence of any interesting religious art there . . . seem[s] to give the lie direct to their assurance that "the church is not opposed to modernity".'

The trouble at the basis of the present conflict, the *querelle de l'art sacré*, for which we have not yet become sufficiently interested to have an English phrase, is that the 'official' and conforming spokesmen, among whom we must count Fr. O'Connell, are ambiguous and non-committal in their language and never give concrete examples of what they are condemning. What exactly, for example, do they mean by 'modern art', which they claim to welcome, or by 'distortion', which they condemn? Fr. O'Connell tells us that the Church does not 'require the adoption of the naturalistic as opposed to the stylistic treatment of forms, nor exclude abstract art'. But he also quotes with approval the Cardinal's condemnation of art which 'loses itself in the wild forest of cubic [*sic*] and abstract art'. The image of Mr. Ben Nicholson's art as a wild forest is distinctly comic and Fr. O'Connell's naïve little note, 'Cubic art, it seems, has faded out of fashion', displays little familiarity with either the terminology or history of the last fifty years of art.

A few lines above he has told us that the Church rejects 'degraded

art'. That should hardly have been a necessary statement unless he is using the phrase in Hitler's sense. He goes on to say that we may call this '“modernistic art”', using “modern” for good contemporary art'. When he quotes Père Régamey he describes him as 'a great advocate of modern art forms'. Modern, not modernistic. So we must presume that Fr. O'Connell considers the work which Père Régamey praises as good contemporary art. Therefore he approves of Picasso, Matisse, Rouault, Léger and so on. But these painters distort, as, of course, did the Byzantine mosaicists and the mediaeval painters and sculptors. For surely 'distortion' can only mean departure from the measurements and colours of physical nature. What, then, does the official condemnation of it mean? If naturalistic treatment is not required but anatomical correctness is, then we are left with, shall we say, Rubens and Correggio. The eighth-century Mater Misericordiæ in St. Mark's, Florence, is not acceptable but the seventeenth century figures round it are; which, as we used to say in geometry, is absurd.

And then there is the word 'unusual' (*insolitus*), which I have also already discussed in these pages. Fr. O'Connell seems to agree that this refers to 'the subject of the representation . . . rather than to the style of painting'. But can we be sure that this is what is meant? And even then there is a difficulty. It is well known that the figure of the suffering Christ on the cross did not appear in art for approximately the first thousand years of our epoch. Fr. O'Connell says that when it did appear it 'at first shocked the people and even aroused indignation'. It was *insolitus*. And now we are told that the Ordinary must not authorize any image that will 'shock or disturb the faithful of the diocese'. But is it impertinent to suggest that some of us could do with a little shocking and disturbing? Was it a *bien pensant* who commissioned the fresco of the Capella Bolognini at Bologna from a painter who *pingi debeat penas infernales horribiles quantum plus potest*?

And then we might ask what is meant by the injunction that 'the forms received from Christian tradition' are to be preserved in the construction of a church. But which forms? Those of San Clemente or the crypt of Canterbury or Chartres or the Gesù? Or does the word 'forms' once again carry no aesthetic meaning in this context?

And finally we might ask what Fr. O'Connell means when he tells us that the Church welcomes new forms when they are 'definitely an improvement on what preceded them'. The tradition of art is a tradition of change, not necessarily of improvement. Must a man who now happens to prefer Romanesque to Gothic and Gothic to Renaissance, consider that the Church erred when she welcomed each of these changes?

In sum, then, we can say that, if the liturgical laws were followed, our churches would acquire the dignity of order and restraint and perhaps be in 'good taste'; but if they are to be something more than

that, if they are to become, in Fr. O'Connell's phrase, 'a prayer in stone', then we must not be content only to have given up the language of the *Daily Mirror* for that of *The Times*. If we are to have art which is also sacred we must indeed follow the Christian tradition, that of the artists and patrons of the past. We must do *as* they did, not *what* they did: create, not copy.

ANTHONY BERTRAM

RELIGION?

Answer to Job. Researches into the relation between Psychology and Religion. By C. G. Jung. Translated by R. F. C. Hull. (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

I BEGAN to read *Answer to Job*, not indeed expecting a treatment of the problem of evil wholly acceptable to the Catholic, but at any rate much that is enlightening from the matured reflexion of a man whose life has been devoted to psychological research and psychiatric practice and who, unlike Freud and his disciples, is a man of profoundly religious temper, convinced of the supreme reality and value of spirit. I was soon disappointed. There is confusion of thought and incoherence of expression so baffling that I must confess myself on many points unable to reach any clear and certain understanding of the author's meaning. Indeed he does not always seem very sure of his own meaning.

The background, so to speak, of Professor Jung's thought is haunted by dim but powerful intuitions of truth which the human subconscious, being at a greater depth than his conscious reason, knows after its fashion, truth more ultimate than any attainable by the latter, for the subconscious depths of the human psyche, conceived however as common to humanity rather than individual, are in intimate touch with Reality, *ens realissimum* as he terms it. Rationalism therefore is necessarily superficial. These insights however fail to find a satisfactory intellectual formulation. They are not integrated into a consistent view of human experience in all its departments and at all levels. The natural theology of metaphysics is rejected out of hand.

What Professor Jung calls psychic facts are divorced from physical, the latter being the province of science. 'Religious statements . . . refer without exception to things that cannot be established as physical facts.' True, they never refer to what is simply and solely a physical fact. But if religious truth can never have any reference to physical fact, the Incarnation, for all Jung's insistence on God becoming man, must be impossible. A Docetic Christ would alone be conceivable.

Psychiatry is essentially a reintegration. This book however is the product and expression of a disintegration. Subconscious and

conscious, religious, metaphysical, scientific truth, the humanly subjective and the superhumanly objective—all these elements of a complete view of human experience are left unreconciled, often at odds with one another. The result is chaos, a maze with no clue to extricate us.

Professor Jung insists that what is psychic is not therefore subjective but objective truth. So far so good. But the question remains: is this psychic reality objective only in the sense that it transcends the individual subject and is common to the human race? Or is man's psychic experience at its deepest the product and evidence of a Being at work wholly other than even the entire human collectivity? In his final pages Jung suggests that the latter is true and they are in fact the most satisfactory pages in the book. Yet not wholly satisfactory. For a doubt remains.

With the best will in the world I have been quite unable to determine how much of Jung's picture of God, as he sees it depicted in Scripture, is intended simply as an account of what in his opinion the sacred writers believed, how much to state the truth about Him. It is certainly grotesque in the extreme and unintentionally blasphemous. And there can unfortunately be no doubt that much at any rate is a statement of Jung's personal conception of the supreme Being. That 'the Creator of the world is a conscious being' is 'a naïve assumption and a disastrous prejudice'. In fact He is or rather was—for He appears to become more conscious and more moral in the process of time—an unconscious and amoral being equally capable of moral and immoral conduct, an 'unconscious nature God'. As such Job is His moral superior against whose moral claims He can produce nothing better than brute power. His moral defeat by Job however awakens a dormant moral sense. He determines to improve, takes council with an ancient but neglected counsellor, the Wisdom of the Sapiential books conceived as His female consort—though not in any crude sense. In short 'the failure of the attempt to corrupt Job' through His mischievous son Satan 'has changed Yahweh's nature'. In future He must consult His omniscience conceived as somehow an entity distinct from Himself. Nay more, He will complete this self-reformation by taking the human nature of His moral superior Job. By this decision 'He raises Himself above His earlier primitive level of consciousness by indirectly acknowledging that Job is morally superior to Him and that therefore He has to catch him up and become man Himself. Had He not taken this decision, He would have found Himself in flagrant opposition to His omniscience. Yahweh must become man precisely because He has done man a wrong. He, the guardian of justice, knows that every wrong must be expiated.' . . . 'Yet a God of love,' says Jung, 'could ask no expiation from sinful man. . . . 'Because His creature has surpassed Him He must regenerate Himself.' The atonement is therefore not a

satisfaction for man's sin against God, a belief which excites Jung's indignant scorn but 'reparation for a wrong done by God to man'. If this is indeed Jung's theology, it is perverse in the extreme, in fact grotesque—not to speak of the complete misunderstanding of what is meant and can alone be meant by the Incarnation: '*quod erat permansit, quod non erat assumpsit.*'

As regards the historic Jesus, Jung is hypercritical. 'The little biographically valid material that exists is not sufficient for us to create out of it a consistent career or an even remotely probable character.' If ever an historical character impresses us with its unique unimaginable individuality it is Jesus as depicted in the Gospels. Nevertheless Jung is quite prepared to make use of anything in the Gospels which can be made to support his own views. If Jesus for example insists so strongly on His Father's goodness, it is to repress an at least subconscious knowledge that in fact He has another aspect dark and evil. And there can be no doubt that this at any rate is Jung's view of the ultimate Reality which he expresses by the statement unfortunately formulated by Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa that He is the coincidence of opposites, *coincidentia oppositorum*. Could Nicholas have read this book he might well have withdrawn the description, his eyes opened to its implications.

This Divine ambivalence comes to light in the Apocalypse on which Jung comments at length. Here God, indeed the Risen Christ, is displayed as merciless wrath destroying and tormenting mankind. These visions of wrath indeed are subconscious explosions of the malice repressed consciously by St. John when he insisted exclusively in his Epistle on mutual love. He had been attempting the impossible. Reality is otherwise. 'God *may* be loved but *must* be feared.'

Jung moreover is disposed under the threat of atomic and bacteriological warfare to regard these apocalyptic visions of woe as a prophetic warning by the collective human subconscious of the terrible doom now imminent.

It is true that in creatures there is this combination of good and evil and in man, as the volume of *Etudes Carmélitaines*, recently translated, makes clear, an ambivalence of love and violence.¹ But this wrath is in the creature precisely as it is other than God and in man refuses and resists His love. What in Scripture is termed God's wrath is but the intrinsic and therefore inevitable result of man's wrath in collision with God's love. Since it is a collision with reality its consequences must be dire. Love must reject hate and that rejection cannot but appear as hate to the soul that persists in its hate.

If Jung had not denied out of hand the competence of conscious reason to interpret the obscure deliverances of subconscious intuition he would not have denied *a priori* its evident pronouncements, that being as such is good, therefore the fullness of Being the *summum bonum*,

¹ *Love and Violence*. Translated from *Etudes Carmélitaines*. (Sheed & Ward.)

evil but the privation of good. Nor could he have conceived God as becoming, even learning and improving His character. Against the opinion of all qualified exegetes Jung denies that the manchild born of the sunclad woman is Jesus Christ. He represents a later Incarnation of God, no longer as superhuman because sinless—actually there should be no place for any sinless being in Jung's view of reality—but in sinners, in fact Incarnation in *sinful* humanity precisely as such. This is another distorted intuition of truth. The Incarnation is indeed completed by its continuation in the union of Christ's members with Himself and their deification by a progressive reception of His Divine life. But the subjects of this deification cannot be finally sinful. The process of deification, of assimilation to their Divine-Human Head is a progressive purification from sin, though in neither aspect can the process be completed on earth. This Christian view is poles apart from Jung's belief in the deification by a God ambivalently good and evil, love and wrath, of men also finally both good and evil, loving God's goodness, but fearing His malice. The question further arises, if God is good and evil, moral and amoral, why did He attempt to become wholly good and to that end become man in Christ? Jung does not clearly state or answer the question. But his answer can hardly be in doubt. Like St. John attempting universal love only to explode in visions of hideous cruelty, God has also learned that He could not finally overcome His own ambivalence and has therefore accepted it both for Himself and His more recent Incarnations.

The moral of this fantasia is plain. No reasonable or consistent theology can be constructed solely from subconscious intuitions and the myths and symbols in which they find expression. Reason must do its work and beyond both, though in conformity with them, we must accept God's historic revelation. If evil is regarded as positive there is no escape from one of two alternative conclusions, equally irrational. With the Zoroastrians and Manichees we must believe in two gods, one good, the other evil. Or with Professor Jung we must hold that God is good and evil. The dilemma is the *reductio ad absurdum* of Jung's postulate.

Though the Catholic may feel gratified by Jung's enthusiastic welcome for the Papal definition of the Assumption, his explanation of the doctrine as simply the affirmation of a feminine element in the Godhead irrespective of what happened to the woman who historically was Our Lord's mother, can afford him little satisfaction. Jung himself is fully aware that his understanding of the definition would not meet with the Holy Father's approval. *Mais tant pis pour le Pape.*

E. I. WATKIN

CAMBRIDGE PLATONISTS

The Platonic Renaissance in England. By Ernest Cassirer. Translated by James P. Pettegrove. (Nelson. 15s.)

THIS book contains much that is valuable, much that is dubious or at any rate too unqualified, and occasionally rank absurdity.

Cassirer has done well to insist on the value and importance of Cambridge Platonism, and to emphasize its opposition to empiricism on the one hand and the most influential type of Puritanism, though unfortunately he calls it Puritanism *tout court*, on the other. He is also right when he sees as the central doctrine of the Cambridge Platonists their insistence upon the need for a living experience of religious truth by a soul purified from vicious desires as opposed to a merely notional theology.

In one passage, however (p. 30), he says, most truly, that 'The Cambridge thinkers are very far from that kind of rationalism which becomes prevalent . . . in the philosophy of the Enlightenment', but in another passage (p. 132) he writes: 'In their (the Cambridge Platonists') position towards the conflict between faith and knowledge, reason and dogma, the essential feature . . . of the Enlightenment becomes manifest.' The truth underlying this unresolved contradiction is that although Cambridge Platonism was radically opposed to the rationalism of the Enlightenment, it contained ambiguities and weaknesses which unintentionally favoured it. The goodness on which the Cambridge men insist could easily be misinterpreted as a naturalist moralism. The reason which they understood as intuition of spiritual truth could be understood of the inferior abstract and clear reasoning employed in the positive sciences. And what was indeed a most grave defect, a justifiable aversion to a purely notional theology, to what Baker condemns as a scholastic contemplation, not only could be but to a considerable extent actually was an aversion to fixed theological dogma, though as convinced Christians they did not carry it to its logical conclusion.

Cassirer is not justified in the unqualified contrast he draws between the Cambridge Platonists and the Puritans. They were Puritans of the left wing. Unfortunately Cassirer seems to be ignorant of Peter Sterry. Though Sterry's career lay outside Cambridge, he was a Cambridge man and a Platonist. No one more than he emphasized the power and central importance of love which Cassirer rightly regards as a characteristic feature of the Platonist approach to religion. God's love for man in Christ and man's response by love of God are the alpha and omega of Sterry's theology. And the Platonists' dual attitude towards this corporeal universe, that compared with spiritual reality it is but 'shadowy', but is nevertheless the beautiful and good shadow of Beauty and Good,

is to Sterry a fundamental truth. 'Love,' says Cassirer, 'as an ethical principle is disputed by Puritanism.' Yet we can hardly deny that Cromwell's favourite divine, who assisted him on his deathbed, was a Puritan, and Culverwell is a link between Cambridge Platonism and the more rigid school of Puritanism to which Cassirer opposes it. He sets a high value on reason, and makes much use of the pagan philosophers. Yet he is sure that they are all damned, the very doctrine which Cassirer regards as the antithesis of Cambridge Platonism. 'Socrates,' he says, 'shall taste a milder cup of wrath than Aristophanes.' His editor, in fact, dedicates his edition to Tuckney, the man who, as Cassirer tells us, opposed so vehemently the 'rationalism' of Whichcote.

The doctrine that 'soul is form and doth the body make' is treated as distinctively Neoplatonic, whereas of course it is the doctrine of Aristotelian Scholasticism, and Cusa's *docta ignorantia*, the negative knowledge of God taught by traditional mystical theology, is regarded as a novelty opening an entirely new line of thought, 'a new departure in religion'. Far more serious, however, is the author's assumption that Christian Platonism is invariably anti-dogmatic. The Catholic Platonism of Ficino is, he maintains, internally rent in two by an irrepressible opposition between Platonism and Catholic faith. Even Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa is presented as opposed to dogma, a thinker who has no objection to variety or contradiction in religion. And the same is of course true of Colet and (climax of absurdity) of More. 'Thomas More, in his *Utopia*, attempts to oppose to the system of dogmatic theology an entirely new form of religion. He outlines here the ideal of religion without dogma as the purest and best worship of the Divine being.' Of all men, More, who wrote so much in defence of Catholic dogma against a 'new form of religion' and finally died for the dogma of Papal supremacy! How any intelligent man, not to speak of a widely read scholar, could make such a preposterous statement I cannot understand. When will *Utopia* be seen for what it is, a satirical contrast between imaginary people who, knowing only natural religion, live in accordance with it, and Christians who, possessing a Divine revelation, disobey it in practice. And More is represented as a foe of asceticism, which no doubt explains his hairshirt! Nor are all Platonists, indeed all defenders of freewill, Pelagians who reject original sin. Incidentally, one wonders what Cassirer would have made of a contemporary of the Cambridge school, the French Capuchin Platonist, Yves de Paris. No greater enthusiast than he for natural beauty and natural nobility of body and soul. But assuredly he rejected neither dogma generally nor, specifically, the dogma of original sin.

Cassirer brings out well the opposition between the view of nature cherished by the Cambridge school, Henry More in particular, a view of nature as organic and plastic, the product and garment of a vital and cosmic soul, and the purely quantitative and mechanical view taught

by Descartes and, in general, by the science already in rapid process of development. But he regards this Platonist opposition as sheer reaction doomed to inevitable defeat. This is a one-sided judgement, no more than a half-truth. The positive sciences, it is true, could progress only by quantitative measurement, the establishment, as Eddington put it, of equations. The Platonists were mistaken in thinking otherwise. This method, however, could not provide an adequate philosophy of nature, could deal only with one aspect of nature and, moreover, with its surface. If, apparently, the greater seems to emerge from the less and to be its product, life arising in a world hitherto wholly inorganic, and mind from irrational life, this is and can be but appearance. In reality, noumenally, as contrasted with phenomenally, the novel and the superior must derive from a higher source. In maintaining this, the Platonists were right. Biology, indeed, cannot be purely quantitative and mechanical. Vitalism today is fighting what is substantially the same battle fought by Cudworth and More of old, though of course by methods more truly scientific. Nor should the Platonists' belief in ghostly apparitions be dismissed as sheer credulity. Such apparitions, whatever their explanation, are abundantly attested. And why is Cesare Borgia named as a speculative thinker?

A dogmatic rationalism and anti-dogmatism has very seriously damaged what might have been a most valuable book, blinding Cassirer's view of the facts by an *a priori* prejudice that Platonism and dogmatic Christianity are incompatible. What a pity!

E. I. WATKIN

EVOLUTION

Historical Aspects of Organic Evolution. By Philip G. Fothergill, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Hollis and Carter. 35s.)

THE philosophical, scientific, theological controversy about evolution which has been with us for over a century shows no signs of a settlement, though a great deal in the way of clarification has been achieved. Philosophic and religious principles formerly used against it are now seen to be compatible with it—or rather, evolution in its chastened form is now compatible with them. It is now mostly a question between scientists: the rest of us seem to be happy to watch them fight it out. Nevertheless the word, and the idea, will always be tinged with a philosophical colouring. The present Pope thought it worthy of mention in *Humani Generis* and instructed Catholic teachers of philosophy to leave it as an open question.

The difficulty in forming an opinion about evolution is the vastness of its implications. No single scientist can weigh, as a *specialist* (and nothing less would suffice), all the evidence from biology, paleontology

and the many highly specialized subsidiary sciences which all contribute their quota. If one makes a preliminary act of faith in the theory the evidence presented is so much confirmation: and it is vast. But the theory has then become a postulate, hardly to be distinguished from a philosophical concept. It will be attacked, and must be defended, on the level on which it has been placed—philosophy. Here it is vulnerable. It has not even the certainty of the great cosmological scientific theories such as those of Newton and Einstein. Once a doubt, philosophic or scientific, about the postulate, is clearly established, the multitudinous evidence ceases to convince. If one does not make the act of faith it must be admitted that the evidence is not conclusive. One feels, helplessly, that the scientists need a strict course of epistemology and the philosophers a couple of years in a laboratory to help them to handle facts. But the main fact is clear for everyone to see—evolution is still not proven.

What was wanted—and Dr. Fothergill has fulfilled the need—was an explanation, by a scientist with adequate philosophic training, of the real state of the question, *status quaestionis*. Philosophers needed it, scientists needed to be reminded of it. The only way to do it was to give a history of the idea, in philosophy and science, with a full, reasoned bibliography and long commentaries on the drift of the principal writers. Some central idea was necessary to string the treatise together, and no better one could have been found than simply the historical sequence. This book is therefore primarily a history of organic evolution, as an idea and theory, and incidentally a guide-book to evolution.

Dr. Fothergill is himself a believer in evolution but, unlike some exponents of the theory, he retains a philosophic sense of the relative value of evidence. He does not forget the difference between the certainty of a scientific theory and the certainty of a fact.

From Confucius and Thales and the other great ancients (who, one suspects, are evolutionist only by courtesy) to the naturalists who first raised the ferment of thought from which the theory emerged, is a long stretch of history. If we think in evolutionary terms we shall say that the theory itself was slowly evolving. But the gap in the record is enormous. Dr. Fothergill, however, presents us with a very workmanlike explanation. With Darwin and the protagonists and antagonists of his natural selection we are for the first time in the true historical scene to which the theory belongs. From this stage we are among familiar terms and in a modern scientific atmosphere. Dr. Fothergill lets himself go. Darwin, Mivart, Jenkins, Korschinsky, the Neo-Darwinians, the Neo-Lamarckians, Wallace, Roux, Weismann, duly make their appearance. But they are not the main body, *robur exercitus*. This is heralded by Mendel and De Vries. Genetics is now the key science—to be precise, Cytogenetics. From a vast, instantly captivating cosmological message, evolution becomes, in practice, a search for the way

small variations can come about. Microevolution has taken the stage and macroevolution (surely the real thing ?) falls into the background. The story which began with philosophers boldly dogmatizing on what could not be checked ends with an army of scientists checking what may not be relevant. As Pius XII has reminded us, 'It must be said that research into the origin of man is still in its first stages. The present position of the question cannot be considered definitive' (7 September 1953). He was speaking to scientists.

GERARD M. CORR, O.S.M.

THE MASS

The Sacrifice of the Mystical Body. By Canon Eugène Masure. Translated by Anthony Thorold. (Burns & Oates. 12s. 6d.)

WHEN Canon Masure's earlier work was published in English in 1944, a new approach to the theology of the Mass was already well started. The old controversies with the Reformers had lost much of their importance and it was possible to work out a theory of the Mass without having to strain every nerve to show that it was not a bare commemoration of Calvary. It is even easier now, and largely as a result of this author's own efforts. With the emphasis now laid on the offering of the Church—particularly in the light of the Encyclical *Mediator Dei*—whereas formerly it was on the offering of Christ the Head, he shows that the Mass is a true sacrifice because it is *the* sacrifice: the sacrifice of Calvary is evoked¹ by the act of the priest who brings the gesture of Christ to bear on the outward sign, representing thus the whole Christian people united to their Saviour.

Some of the earlier theories were much preoccupied with finding in the Mass some form of destruction (too easily identified with immolation), but this new approach sees destruction as merely incidental, not as an essential element in the notion of sacrifice. If it is necessary, it is as a prelude to a higher state: the animal is slain only so that it may be more strikingly deputed to God's service. The death on Calvary was necessary, because that was in fact part of the divine plan for man's redemption, but it was also conceived in the plan as the way to the resurrection and ascension: *propter quod et Deus exaltavit illum*. It is no longer necessary. The gesture is there, made once and for all time, and the unity of Christ with His Church secures its application as often as the Church's ministers so will it.

Amazingly enough controversy has centred around the rite of the Last Supper, which our Lord's contemporaries would have had no difficulty in recognizing as a sacrifice, and the common ground

¹ I do not know whether the author or the translator deserves most credit for this very apt expression of a truth remarkably difficult to render accurately and forcefully.

between Protestants and Catholics has been the reality of a sacrifice which must have seemed a shocking innovation to the disciples: 'the death of a man . . . on a gibbet, following an iniquitous and lamentable condemnation, was suddenly to be substituted for the liturgy and rites of the altar of Jahvé and of every altar in the world' (pp. 130-1). That was the main issue in the controversy with pagans and Jews in the early Church: how could the death on the Cross be the means of the world's redemption? It is still the fundamental issue. 'What think you of Christ?' is only another way of asking men to face up to the reality of the sacrifice on the Cross.

Just as controversy has driven theologians to make too much of a distinction between Calvary and the Mass, so the needs of systematic theology have sometimes made it appear as if the notions of sacrament and sacrifice were wholly disconnected. Here again the Apostolic outlook must be our guide: if the Last Supper, one with Calvary, was a real sacrifice there must be a victim. The real presence is involved in the Eucharist, not simply because it was promised, but from the very nature of sacrifice as the Jews understood it: 'The twelve witnesses of the Supper, being Jews of deep faith who knew their Torah and were conversant with the texts of Exodus, would never have entertained the thought of their Master's venturing, or even wishing, to use the solemn words of Moses except in their proper sense, that is, unless they were accompanied by the offering of a victim really present: one does not dissemble before Jahvé' (p. 132).

Canon Masure's illuminating doctrine of sacrament and sacrifice also throws considerable light on the controversy about sacramental causality. Is there longer any need to ask how a spiritual reality may be embodied in a material sign, when that sign is merely the outward expression of the gesture of Christ, His human hand grasping and elevating the humble things which as the Word He created?

This is a generous and perceptive study of the mystery of the Church's Offering, brilliantly and sympathetically translated.

EDWARD QUINN

GNOSTIC DOCUMENTS

The Jung Codex. A Newly Recovered Gnostic Papyrus. Three Studies by H. C. Puech, G. Quispel, W. C. van Unnik. Translated and Edited by F. L. Cross. (Mowbray. 15s.)

IN 1945 a large collection of Coptic Gnostic MSS. was discovered at Nag Hammadi (near the ancient Chenoboskion where St. Pachomius founded his first monasteries) in Upper Egypt. Most of these eventually found their way to the Coptic Museum where, for reasons that are nowhere stated but can hardly be very creditable to that institution, they

remain for the present inaccessible to scholars. But one of them, after some curious adventures described by Professor Quispel in the present volume, was, thanks to his energy and determination, purchased for the Jung Institute at Zurich. It is this manuscript (which Professors Puech and Quispel are now engaged in editing) which is the subject of these preliminary studies.

The Nag Hammadi MSS. rank in importance with the other great discoveries which have recently so extended our possibilities of knowledge about the immediate religious environment of early Christianity, the Manichaean writings found in the Fayûm about 1930 and the Dead Sea Scrolls. For the first time we have a really large body of original early Gnostic writings (for it seems clear that these third- and fourth-century Coptic MSS. are in many cases translations of earlier Greek originals) by which, when they have been fully edited and studied, we shall be able to check the information given by the anti-heretical writers (who are naturally suspected of bias) and to put to the proof the wild and wonderful hypotheses of modern scholars about Gnosticism and its relation to Christianity. Even the advance information given about the Jung Codex in the present volume is exciting and interesting enough.

The main body of the collection consists of writings of a Sethian or Barbelo-Gnostic colour. The writings contained in the Jung Codex, however, are all of Valentinian origin, and provide most important first-hand information about that most intelligent, interesting and influential form of heretical Christian Gnosticism. Professor Quispel thinks it likely that the Greek original of one of the writings, the *Gospel of Truth*, is by Valentinus himself; it certainly represents a very early stage in the development of the heresy, being written about A.D. 150. It is obvious that the discovery of the authentic text of a heretical gospel of the second century A.D. is of the greatest value for all students of early Christianity. At present it is too soon to state with any certainty what conclusions are to be drawn from the Valentinian writings in the Codex about the origins of Gnosticism and its relationship to Christianity, and the scholars who have contributed to the present volume very properly only allow themselves tentative and provisional suggestions which, they insist, may have to be greatly modified in the light of further study. But some of these suggestions are so intensely interesting, and on the whole encouraging to traditionally-minded Christians, that they must be recorded here, with a warning to apologists not to come clumping in with elephantine capers of premature exultation where scholars are treading very delicately. Professor Quispel thinks it likely, on the evidence so far as known and studied at present, that the hypothesis of Reitzenstein and Bultmann, of a pre-Christian Gnostic doctrine of a Redeemer which influenced the thought of the Fourth Gospel, is entirely without foundation in fact—a good many scholars have always

found the evidence adduced for it extremely tenuous. Quispel finds the most likely origin for Gnosticism, and perhaps the background of the Logos-doctrine of the Fourth Gospel, in heterodox (from the point of view of the later Rabbis) Jewish speculations round about the beginning of the Christian era. Both Gnosticism and primitive Christianity appear in fact not as the results of any sort of paganization, Hellenic or Iranian, or syncretism, but as spontaneous and independent developments of a certain sort of Jewish religious thought. Professor van Unnik makes another important point. From a study of the use made of the New Testament in the *Gospel of Truth* he concludes that Valentinus knew and regarded as authoritative Scripture all the books of the New Testament, including *Hebrews* and the *Apocalypse*: and that means, as he says, that 'round about 140-150 a collection of writings was known at Rome and accepted as authoritative which was virtually identical with our New Testament.'

A picture of primitive Christianity and its religious environment does seem to be gradually emerging from the most recent studies which is very much more in accordance with our traditional beliefs than the views, still unfortunately widely current, which see in the development of Johannine and Pauline thought some sort of radical paganization or Gnostic distortion of the original Christian message. The conclusion of Professor Quispel's essay deserves to be quoted here, as a summing up which would, I think, be widely accepted by those best qualified to judge. He says, 'In the light of these facts we can perhaps also understand better the transition from primitive Christianity to early Catholicism. Late antiquity is a land of three streams in which Greek philosophy, Christian faith and Gnosticism flow side by side. In a fruitful confrontation Christian theology purged out rationalism and mysticism,¹ while it integrated the Logos of the Hellenes and the Mythos of the Orient. The history of the Church is the Christianization of Greek thought and Eastern mysticism on the basis of the Gospel.'

A. H. ARMSTRONG

PASTEDOWNS

Pastedowns in Oxford Bindings with a Survey of Oxford Binding c. 1515-1620. By N. R. Ker. (Oxford Bibliographical Society Publications, New Series, Vol. V, 1951-2.)

HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, presented over 260 MSS. to Oxford University between 1439 and 1444. Only ten of these volumes are known to survive now. This is not surprising, for the commissioners of Edward VI were responsible for the wholesale 'liquidation' of the

¹ Quispel is here obviously using the term 'mysticism' in the loose sense usual among historians of religion, and not as a Catholic theologian would use it.

Oxford Library. They were not, however, solely responsible for the destruction of the books of the old University Library. For Mr. Ker's book brings vividly home to us how so many Oxford MSS. perished at the hands of bookbinders, who used their leaves as pastedowns for the volumes they were binding. For the uninitiated here is Mr. Ker's explanation of what constitutes a pastedown :

At each end of a modern bound book there is commonly a piece of blank paper folded in two. One half of the paper is pasted to the inside of the cover and is known as the pastedown. The other half is the flyleaf. This method of strengthening the book has been used since the Middle Ages, the only difference being that the end leaves then consisted of parchment instead of paper. Another method used by many sixteenth-century binders, especially in Oxford and Cambridge, was to employ separate sheets for pastedown and flyleaf, the flyleaf being a piece of paper, either blank or from a printed book and the pastedown a piece of parchment from a medieval manuscript.

In this work of extraordinary erudition, Mr. Ker has examined and in most cases identified some 2017 fragments of MSS. used as pastedowns in books bound in Oxford between c. 1515 and 1620. And the results of his labours are such as to throw new and important light on many fields of learning. Students of palaeography are presented with two ninth-century MSS. fragments, while those interested in the history of mediaeval libraries will be interested in the fragments of three MSS. from Christ Church, Canterbury, in the two fragments showing the characteristic marks placed on the margins of his books by Robert Grosseteste, and in one with a note by Thomas Gascoigne. For the historian there is a fragment of the Register of John of Gaunt for 1369-70, while the fragments of Vacarius' *Liber Pauperum* and many legal MSS. should certainly prove of interest to students of mediaeval law. Needless to say the remains of manuscripts of writings by mediaeval schoolmen and grammarians is imposing. On the other hand classical authors are very scarce. But among them there are two folios of a Livy with the commentary by Nicholas Trevet, a commentary so far only known from one single MS. now in Lisbon. The student of English Humanism will also find here some items of considerable interest. The commentary on Valerius Maximus by Dionigi da Borgo San Sepolcro, the epistles of Poggio, Petrarch's *De Remediis*, the Latin version of Plato's Republic made by Pier Candido Decembrio for Duke Humphrey, Maffeo Vegio's *De verborum significatione*, and the letters of John Whethamstede, Abbot of St. Albans, are all represented by fragments from MSS. either copied or to be found in this country during the early Renaissance.

The thorough survey of Oxford binding from c. 1515-1620 in-

cluded in this volume will prove invaluable to students of binding in England and so will be the fourteen plates at the end of the volume with rubbings of rolls, centrepieces, and other ornaments. Altogether the importance of this work is such that one can but express the hope that a similar survey will be made for Cambridge. Is it too much to ask that just as Little's *Grey Friars in Oxford* was followed by Moorman's *Grey Friars in Cambridge* so *Pastedowns in Cambridge Bindings* should eventually follow Mr. Ker's admirable work?

R. WEISS

RETURN TO THE FATHERS

Ancient Christian Writers—Vol. XIV: *The Call of All Nations*. By St. Prosper of Aquitaine. Translated by P. Deletter, S.J. (Longmans. 25s.)

Ancient Christian Writers—Vol. XV: *Sermons for Christmas and Epiphany*. By St. Augustine. Translated by Thomas Comerford Lawler. (Longmans. 25s.)

Library of Christian Classics—Vol. XXIV: *Zwingli and Bullinger*. Selections, translations and notes by G. W. Bromiley. (S.C.M. Press. 30s.)

Library of Christian Classics—Vol. XXV: *Early Christian Fathers* (I). General editor, Cyril C. Richardson. (S.C.M. Press. 30s.)

The Fathers of the Church—Vol. XVII: *Sermons* of St. Peter Chrysologus and *Homilies* of St. Valerian. Translated by George E. Ganns, S.J. (The Fathers of the Church, Inc.)

THE revival of interest in the writings of the Fathers of the Church that has taken place since the Second World War is most remarkable. It can be roughly gauged by the number of recent editions of the writings of the Fathers pouring from the presses of England and America. On my table I have five volumes, belonging to three distinct modern collections of the Fathers: the *Ancient Christian Writers*, published by Longmans, *The Fathers of the Church*, published by a group of Catholic professors in America and *A Library of Christian Classics* published by the S.C.M. Press. Of the three collections the best produced is the Protestant; its binding and paper and print are the most pleasing. Its indexes are the most scholarly. On the other hand the Longman editions have sound introductions and thorough explanatory notes.

The two Longman productions, St. Prosper of Aquitaine's *The Call of All Nations*, and St. Augustine's *Sermons for Christmas and Epiphany*, are a welcome addition to the works of the Fathers in English since they have not, to my knowledge, been translated before. The sermons are particularly welcome, for St. Augustine was one of the greatest preachers in the whole history of the Church. He had shorthand

writers following him around to take down every word he spoke. People would come from other parts of the Empire to hear him. His sermons were disseminated throughout the Christian world in his own lifetime. This little group has a particular interest too because they are concerned with the central theme of St. Augustine's own approach to the Christian revelation: the Incarnation of the Word. They are a very precious group of thoughts by this giant among the Fathers.

It is worth noting, for those who tend to be over-long in their sermons, that this preacher, whose mind was full to bursting with ideas, could confine himself to ten minutes or at most a quarter of an hour.

The second Longman volume, *The Call of All Nations*, is of more interest to the historian of dogma than to the preacher. St. Prosper's work is an attempt to solve the knotty problem of the salvation of the infidel. He was handicapped in a sense by being a disciple of St. Augustine, whose treatment of predestination made it difficult to find a satisfactory solution of the problem. P. Deletter, S.J., in an admirable introduction puts the whole question very clearly and places the treatise in its historical setting, just as it should be. The notes at the end of this volume are particularly thorough and helpful.

The volume entitled *Early Christian Fathers*, published by the S.C.M. Press, has much to commend it; there are good short introductions and a bibliography for each treatise. The translations themselves are well done. The documents are bristling with disputed points of interpretation; in such cases the editor usually gives the original text in a footnote, even when he interprets it in the most Protestant sense it will stand. Examples occur in the famous texts of St. Ignatius' epistle to the Romans about the Roman See, and the equally important passage of St. Irenaeus on the same point.

Re-reading these marvellous documents of the early Church one is struck by their insistence on unity of faith, by their emphasis on the Mystical Body, and by their horror of deviation from the doctrine once delivered to the saints. It is a great advance that Protestant scholars can use Catholic authorities, as these do, and produce such calm and unbiased work.

The other volume of this series under review is not a little surprising and of a very different nature, being devoted to Zwingli and Bullinger, two Reformers. For Catholics their importance is that they provide an opportunity to acquire an understanding of the origin of the continental Protestant sects. This is more important than it was before the war, as the latest development has been for Protestants to return to the rocks from which they were hewn.

It is interesting to see how Zwingli faces the problem of authority. He believes in the Word and its power. How do we know, he asks, that the interpretation we have given of it is the right one? His only answer is that an interior voice assures us that it has, as the editor calls it, 'the

immediacy of inward understanding'. Of course this solution was unavailing even in the lifetime of the first Reformers; they differed even among themselves, while their immediate disciples or followers differed even more widely. We find Zwingli defending his position against the Anabaptists, but he could scarcely use his criterion for the truth of the Word, namely the inward immediacy, against them, for they could and did do the same. To the Catholics he could say, 'Note that God instructs with such certainty that there is no need to ask of men' (p. 81). He and his Catholic opponents seem to agree that the Pope can err, as in the example of Liberius; failure on both sides to distinguish between occasions when a Pope can and when he will not err gave him an easy victory.

Zwingli was also ill-informed about the mediaeval doctrine of transubstantiation, imagining that the Catholic position had to defend 'Christ being everywhere spacially'. Yet his attack could appear forceful at the time, a time which had lost touch with the springs of thought at the back of the great scholastic systems, and yet was not ready with a sound trust in the judgements of the Holy See. The Catholics seem to have argued with Zwingli on his own ground, instead of basing their interpretation on Authority.

The importance of Bullinger's treatise on the Holy Catholic Church is that it was the Elizabethan text-book for this subject, forming part of the *Decades* by the same Reformer, a series of sermons ordered to be used by the lower clergy of the Elizabethan settlement. The fact that this was so gives us a fair idea of the theological temper of the divines in the Elizabethan period. The sermon on the Church is thoroughly Protestant in tone, and in the line of Zwingli his master. He claims no inerrancy for the Church, he requires as marks of the Church, these two: preaching of the Word of God, and the administration of the sacraments of Baptism and Eucharist. For Bullinger the Church referred to in the Creed is the elect upon earth wherever they are, and known only to God. Then there is the use of the word 'church' in a wider sense: those who belong to the visible body of believers in any particular place. It follows of course from this distinction that there is no knowing who are in the true church; the elect is an invisible body, and the other wider meaning of the word, including all visible churches, with all their differing doctrine cannot claim allegiance. And yet one of the marks is unity of faith, i.e. the sincere preaching of the word.

How quickly one gets back into the atmosphere of the Reformation period, with all its troublesome arguments on the visible and invisible Church. Peace to it. Today, with all the Reformed Communions in difficulties, and other and deeper questions before us, we see the need for unity ever more forcibly.

It is a merit of the Catholic American professors' volume, *Sermons of St. Peter Chrysologus and Homilies of St. Valerian*, that it has not

appeared in English before. We are so accustomed to seek in the Fathers for dogmatic statements, we forget that they were primarily pastors of souls. In this volume are collected a group of sermons grounded on the Gospels and homilies chiefly on Christian virtues.

This reviewer ventures to make a suggestion that one of these enterprising editors might undertake to translate and edit the history of the Church by Eusebius, done many years ago but now *introuvable*. This is one of the greatest works of Christian antiquity and should always be available. Meanwhile the sight of so many good things from the Fathers is a reassuring sign that the doctrinal content of the message of Christ is not forgotten.

COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B.

A MINOR MYSTIC

The Revelations of Mechtild of Magdeburg, or The Flowing Light of the Godhead. By Lucy Menzies. (Longmans. 18s.)

MECHTILD of Magdeburg (not to be confused with her contemporary, Mechtild of Hackeborn) has not received much attention from English students of mysticism. Apart from the late Miss Evelyn Underhill, at whose suggestion the present translation was undertaken, only one other English writer, Mr. A. Kemp-Welch, has published a study of her, although there are isolated references in Mr. E. Gardner's *Dante and the Mystics* to the theory that she was the original of Dante's 'Matelda'. Almost all the rest of Mechtild's bibliography is German. This is therefore the first time that an English translation of *Das Fließende Licht der Gottheit* has been published, and it seems a pity that 'owing to the high cost of printing' Miss Menzies has been obliged to omit 'a few unimportant chapters, and here and there, unimportant paragraphs'. Since the book is likely to remain, for many years, the only source available to English students of thirteenth-century mysticism, it would surely have been worth producing an unabridged version.

Mechtild was, as Miss Underhill described her, 'an educated and well-born woman, half poet, half seer'. Perhaps it was of her own highly placed kinsfolk that she writes (Seventh Part: 27): 'When a spiritual person sees his dearest friends and relations richly apparelled and adorned according to the ways of the world, then he must be armed by the Holy Spirit lest he should think: So mightest thou be also!' She tells us that at the age of twelve she was greeted so powerfully by the Holy Spirit that she could 'no longer have given way to any serious daily sin'. She left home when she was about twenty-three, in the year 1233, and came to Magdeburg, where she lived for many years, first as a Beguine and later as a Dominican Tertiary in the Convent of St. Agnes, where she is said to have become Abbess from 1273—a

theory which is to a certain extent borne out by her chapter on 'How a Prior or Prioress or other Superior should act towards subordinates' (Sixth Part: I). It was after she had recovered from a severe illness that 'the mighty love of God struck her so powerfully with its wonders' that she felt impelled to start writing. The result is the collection of 'visions, revelations, thoughts and letters, written in alternate prose and verse' which together form the seven parts of *The Flowing Light of the Godhead*. The first six of these parts, written as the inspiration seized her, on separate sheets of paper, were collected and published during her lifetime by her Dominican friend, Heinrich of Halle. Like so many other mystics, she had to suffer much persecution, being accused of heresy, of being unlearned, lay, and a woman. In the end she had to leave Magdeburg, and retired, probably in about 1285, to the Cistercian convent of Helfde, famous as being the home of St. Gertrude the Great and of the other Mechtilde. Here she was received with kindness and appreciation, and it was to the nuns of Helfde that she dictated the seventh part of her book, which she continued almost up to her death in 1297.

It is possible to trace in Mechtilde's writings the influence of Denis the Areopagite, which reached her through St. Albert the Great, and which in turn she appears to have transmitted to Eckhart. But mysticism does not readily respond to historical and philosophical analysis, especially when, as in Mechtilde's case, it can best be described as kaleidoscopic. Within the course of a few pages, we find Mechtilde rising to the heights where language always seems to fail the visionary, and he can only exclaim, with Jeremias, *A, a, a, Domine Deus: ecce nescio loqui, quia puer ego sum*; singing of God's love in fluent poetry; weaving that intricate pattern of symbolism, legend and vision which so delighted the religious of her age; and throwing together some severely practical notes on the conduct of the spiritual life, adapted to concrete instances. The fault—if it is a fault—lies largely with Master Heinrich of Halle, who was responsible for the arrangement of the separate sheets of manuscript which Mechtilde handed over to him. But although this makes it impossible to trace any coherent or consecutive theme in the whole work, and difficult to reduce Mechtilde's teaching to anything approaching a system, it is questionable whether either process would really be profitable. One must take the mystics as one finds them, and Mechtilde is very well worth taking as Heinrich has preserved her for us.

She is a child of her age, the age of the *Minnesänger*, when the language of romantic chivalry came easily to the lips of one who had been brought up in a noble family. Of one of the most delightful sequences in the First Part, Evelyn Underhill writes:

It opens with a spiritual love scene . . . this develops into a dramatic dialogue between soul and senses . . . this leads again . . .

to the soul's acclamation of its destiny and the crowning announcement of the union of lover and beloved. The soul is described as a maiden, the Divine Lover as a fair Youth whom she desires. The very setting of the story is just such a fairy landscape as we find in the lays and romances of chivalry . . . the dewy morning, the bird-haunted forest, the song, the dance. It is in fact a love story of the period adapted with extraordinary boldness to the purposes of mystical experience.

These qualities are again apparent in what is perhaps her most famous allegory, that of 'a poor maid and of the Mass of John the Baptist'.

Mechtild's poetry is delicate, and sometimes extravagantly simple as for instance:

I asked Mary where Joseph was.
She said, 'He is gone into the town
To buy small fish and common bread
And water to drink.'
Then I said, 'Ah! Lady!
Thou shouldest eat the finest bread
And drink the noblest wine!'
'Nay!' said she, 'that is for the rich;
We have none of that in this poor life.'

Or again:

Our Lord delights in Heaven
Because of the loving soul he has on earth,
And says, 'Look how she who has wounded Me has risen!
She has cast from her the apes of worldliness;
Overcome the bear of impurity,
Trodden the lion of pride underfoot,
Torn the wolf of desire from his revenge,
And comes racing like a hunted deer
To the spring which is Myself.
She comes soaring like an eagle
Swinging herself from the depths
Up into the heights.'

And finally:

Wouldst thou know my meaning?
Lie down in the Fire
See and taste the Flowing
Godhead through thy being;
Feel the Holy Spirit
Moving and compelling
Thee within the Flowing
Fire and Light of God.

These examples give a fair taste of the skill with which Miss Menzies has set about her difficult task. She has worked largely from a High German version, preserved in the Abbey of Einsiedln, of the Low German original (now lost). Mechtild herself did not use strict metrical form, and Miss Menzies has been wise not to strive after either rhyme or assonance, except where these have come naturally. Many of the poetic passages recall Langland's *Piers Plowman* in syntactical construction as well as in cadence and rhythm. Much loving care, as well as much scholarship, has gone to the production of this most satisfactory work.

T. F. LINDSAY

AN ANTHOLOGY

Religious Lyrics of the XIVth Century. Edited by Carleton Brown. (Smithers. Oxford.) 15s.

THE word 'harvest' brings home to us the idea of goodness of quantity and also that of quality, and when E. K. Chambers remarks that the fourteenth century yields a 'respectable harvest' of religious lyrics we are not ashamed to admit that a fair proportion of our admiration of these poems is given to wonder that so many should come down to us, and what is even more marvellous, that such a prodigious amount should have been written. The latter fact we cannot but attribute to the religious character of the age, the former—that so many have survived—we might suggest, to the anonymity of so much of the work. The mediaeval poet was regarded much as was any other craftsman, as the producer of goods for the community, and stress was laid rather on his work than his person, consequently his poems were much more likely to be copied into general books, often without acknowledgment, becoming general property. Work of individualist poets on the other hand always tends to be reproduced in separate books, which would be both smaller and less in number, and consequently have a smaller survival possibility. The very greatest names of course were bound to survive in any era.

Although the poet of this era is primarily a craftsman working for the community, and although he contents himself with the reality which all men know, yet it must not be thought that his feeling is any less profound, or his imagination not so vivid as work of later times. The difference often is that whereas the mediaeval poet is often passionately in love both with beautiful things and Beauty Itself, yet he is never neurotic.

Of the quality of this early poetry there can be little doubt although certain critics have too often sought for Protestant virtues such as a growing personal element supplanting a dry 'ecclesiasticism', the latter

supposedly redolent of a faded poetry. Again, there is a large number of poems, especially of the first half of the century, which are concerned with the vanity of this world. Too many critics dismiss these hastily with a passing glance at 'mediaeval pessimism', and then go on to exhort us to reserve our admiration for those of 'a more vigorous temper'. In the majority of the lyrics, E. K. Chambers tells us, 'the monastic shrinking from the world is more in evidence than the virile desire to conquer it'.¹ Even if the pre-critical implications of such judgements mean anything at all, nevertheless their very presence creates, at least for the Catholic, a real demand for a reassessment. No scholar has to the best of our knowledge yet undertaken such a reassessment on a large scale, but here in this volume of lyrics there is much material to hand.

When a second edition of a volume of Middle English poetry comes out, even though twenty-eight years have elapsed since the appearance of the first edition, it is time to get a little excited, for a market of readers is indicated. Enthusiasm, however, is a trifle damped by the reflexion that the majority of readers of such a volume will be students of a more modern literature faced with a compulsory paper in Middle English. To such the book and all which it inherits will be a mere cinderella arbitrarily attached by a decadent professorial staff to an otherwise exciting course of humanities.

But our concern is not with these but rather with the ordinary intelligent reader who would think considerably more than twice before investing in the volume. To such above all we would recommend this book, partly because they, not having their heads exclusively crammed with textual variants, will read it as poetry, and partly too because they are the sort of people for whom this book was written, not only by Carleton Brown, but, way beyond him, by Richard Rolle, William Herebert and the rest. These poets are men who have something to say about or to God and they are saying it in writing for our benefit. The tangled web of passing centuries and a changed and changing language stand, it is true, between them and us, but a way has been cut through by Professor Carleton Brown and we can once more see our authors and their works face to face.

To the modern Catholic especially this is a boon indeed, for to him these hymns to our Lady, these devotions to the wounds of our Lord have a special meaning. There is too an added interest in the fact that devotions to the wounds of our Lord are a forerunner of devotion to the Sacred Heart, a devotion which has perhaps reached fruition in our own day. Here then in these works of 600 years ago are the same feelings and attitudes which are ours today—it is our Church speaking—

¹ E. K. Chambers, 'Some Aspects of Mediaeval Lyric', in *Early English Lyrics*, by Chambers and Sidgwick (Sidgwick & Jackson). An invaluable contribution, in almost all respects, to the study of Mediaeval poetry.

our religion, and as we read these poems we feel very much at home, and a sense of the unity of the Church in time is strongly borne in on us.

To risk a paradox, together with this sense of unity we receive on reading these poems a sense of strangeness—their expression is so often more us and ours than is our own. It is not that there is now a greater poverty of language but rather that language has now lost so much of its meaning. Beauty can be expressed in the language of today but it is not the beauty of religion; the religious vocabulary consists it is true of the same words but they are suffering from post-Reformation frost-bite, and at best they are meant to stimulate emotion rather than to convey meaning and understanding.

But in these lyrics of the fourteenth century it is not so—here is the might and majesty which are the fruits of a natural expression of the Christian faith in English. These are words full of meaning—with 'precision of feeling'. The language it is true is still to some extent cosmopolitan, its closeness to the Latin is richly felt. To ears accustomed to the Liturgy there is no jar in the frequent transitions into that tongue, the familiar refrains and quotations have for centuries been woven into the texture of Catholic religious thought—it is part of the heritage of English culture.

But ultimately of course what we are seeking in these poems is not history nor apologetic but the poetry itself, the natural, unforced expression, at the level of imaginative vision, of these great truths of revelation.

For this above all we are grateful to Professor Brown and to G. V. Smithers, and while warning all readers who are not acquainted with the vocabulary of Middle English that some time and labour will be required for the understanding and enjoyment of these poems, we may at the same time assure them that armed with the excellent vocabulary at the back of the volume their labour will soon be amply rewarded.

HAROLD R. PEARCE

THE SOCIETY IN THE STATES

The Spanish Jesuit Mission in Virginia, 1570-1572. By Clifford M. Lewis, S.J., and Albert J. Loomie, S.J. (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press; London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 60s. net.)

AMONG the numerous episodes of heroism connected with the spread of the Catholic faith in sixteenth-century North America that of the Spanish Jesuits in what was later to become Virginia has remained one of the most obscure. In fact, it was not until the publication of a preliminary essay on the subject by John Gilmary Shea, the father of American Catholic history, in 1846 that its history was written at all. Later studies on this effort of the Spanish Jesuits to win the native

Indian tribes of Virginia added details to the general outline, but it has remained for Fathers Lewis and Loomie to provide what is by all odds the most exhaustive examination of the extant evidence and to reach conclusions concerning this missionary enterprise which will in all likelihood stand indefinitely unless further documents are forthcoming. Not only have these two American Jesuits tracked down all the documents in the case, but they traversed the area in question by boat and road to verify locations and directions and measure distances by on-the-spot investigation. The final result is a thorough monograph which embodies the most authentic and up-to-date data from geography and anthropology as well as from history. The volume is divided into three parts of which the first gives the history of the mission (pp. 1-65), the second reprints all the pertinent documents in their Latin and Spanish originals as well as in good English translations (pp. 67-227); Part III gives the cartography of the area with seventeen maps and two early engravings (pp. 231-69).

The mission of Juan Baptista de Segura, S.J., and his nine companions which set out from Florida in early August 1570, was intended first to make a settlement and then to attempt the conversion of the Indian tribes of Virginia without the aid of the Spanish military whose influence the Jesuits feared would corrupt the natives. The party consisted of two Jesuit priests, three Jesuit brothers, three lay catechists, a Christian Indian guide, and a youth who accompanied the expedition. There was good reason for the missionaries wishing to keep their future neophytes clear of the soldiers, for the latter frequently had a very unfortunate effect on the Indians. But there were also alarming precedents in North America for the peril of any Spanish missionary party which strayed from the protection of the soldiers. In any case, the Jesuits made a landing and said Mass near the present city of Newport News, and on 12 September they signed a written account of their experiences to date for the Spanish civil authorities in Cuba. In their letter they remarked that the region was much less inviting than they had anticipated due to six years of famine and its consequences. 'I am convinced,' said Father Quirós, 'that there will be no lack of opportunity for patience, and to succeed we must suffer much.'

Quirós' forecast of suffering proved accurate enough, even if the Jesuits failed to attain the kind of success he had in mind. In each of the two letters which Fathers Segura and Quirós wrote from Ajacán, as the place was called, they begged the Governor of Cuba and the King of Spain to send supplies as quickly as possible. In this wasted land the Jesuits' provisions soon grew scarce and by early February 1571 matters were apparently rather desperate. But the brave missionaries were never to need the extra supplies, for through the treachery of their Christian Indian guide, who betrayed them to unfriendly Indians in the neighbourhood, they were all murdered between 4 and 9 February.

Thus six months after their departure from Florida the entire expedition was wiped out, and any hope that might have been placed in Spain's future occupation of Virginia through the Jesuits as an advance guard now had to be abandoned. Punitive expeditions were sent out by Pedro Menéndez de Avilés, Governor of Cuba, in the next year but nothing was accomplished by way of revenging the Jesuits' death or of rendering Spain's claim on the area secure. Thirty-six years after the murder of the Jesuits on the peninsula that is formed by the James and York Rivers the first permanent English settlement was made in the spring of 1607 at nearby Jamestown. After that there was no further serious question of Spain in Virginia.

The brief and tragic episode which Fathers Lewis and Loomie treat with such scholarly care and completeness was, it is true, of relatively slight importance in the development of the colonial rivalry and religious antagonism that marked the relations of the Spaniards and English wherever they met in the late sixteenth century. But that does not mean that it was not worth their effort, for the best of general histories are built upon the research of many hands in assembling solid special studies such as this one of Fathers Lewis and Loomie. Incidentally, it is hardly accurate, in contrasting the direct authority over the missions exercised by the Jesuit Father General with that of the generals of the older mendicant orders, to speak of the latter as originally 'federations of independent monasteries . . . which later placed their supreme authority in an assembly of abbots and delegates called a Chapter. . . .' (p. 78).

JOHN TRACY ELLIS

THE AGE OF REASON

European Thought in the Eighteenth Century. From Montesquieu to Lessing. By Paul Hazard. (Hollis & Carter. 35s.)

ONE must be grateful to the publishers that the late Paul Hazard's classic has now been made available to British readers in a smooth and elegant translation. The preceding volume to the present one, not less brilliant and published under the title *The European Mind*, had analysed the structure of the '*conscience européenne*' from 1680 to 1715. The present book is following the thread of history from Montesquieu's *Lettres persanes* to the death of Lessing.

Paul Hazard is a masterly writer. Rarely has the historical structure of an epoch been described with a more certain hand. The reader will not only find admirable and penetrating pages on the great individuals of the period: unforgettable are those on Voltaire, Diderot and Lessing; he will also understand, why and how, for instance, the *Encyclopaedia* became the educational instrument of the age of the

Enlightenment *par excellence*. Feelings, sentiments and thought become alive, everywhere firmly set into their European context. There is no prejudice in the book. Never has a Frenchman, nor for that matter a German, more movingly and more adequately written on Lessing. Nor does Hazard overlook the limitations of the age of reason. He confronts Pascal and Voltaire, who in his *Lettres philosophiques* had severely attacked the *Pensées*. 'Henceforth,' writes Hazard, 'there was no mistaking the situation. Two distinct categories of mind; we had to decide to which we preferred to subscribe. Two interpretations of life; we had to choose between them. Since light we were to have, should we choose the natural light with Voltaire, or the supernatural with Pascal?'

Highly welcome as this English translation of a great work is, a word of criticism must, however, be added. The French edition had included a volume '*Notes et Références*' of some 150 pages which may be superfluous to the general reader, but certainly not to the student. It should either have been added to the present English edition or at least it should have been mentioned that it exists. Hazard's notes and references give an idea of the extension of his immense scholarship. I have also noted that de Lolme is spelt on p. 181 wrongly as de Lorme; I realize that the French original contains the same error, but an author so important for the diffusion of British constitutional ideas on the Continent should be recognizable.

J. P. MAYER

THE GEORGIAN BACKGROUND

The Augustan World. By A. R. Humphreys. (Methuen. 16s.)

THIS book is no mere history of the Augustan Age of English literature. It is an attempt to show how the writers of that time were influenced by their cultural and social background: an aim which is happily achieved.

It is refreshing to meet a book on this period of our history that is not sunk in gloom from the chimneys of the 'dark Satanic mills'. It is not to be denied that the machine age brought great evils, but modern writers tend to view the epoch far too much through the glasses of our Welfare State. The author endeavours to see it from the contemporary standpoint. He justly remarks that the factory hardships were accepted phlegmatically by the victims, together with other grim and tragic incidents common to the age—diseases that the doctors fought by guesswork, the high death-rate of children and the general short expectation of life. Mass pauperism was no new feature of the English scene but dated from the plundering of the monasteries. There was poverty before the Reformation, but it was individual and respected; pauperism, widespread and despised, was a natural result of the get-rich-quick policy of the new landlords enclosing their Church acres for

sheep farming. This was recognized at the time by both St. Thomas More and Latimer. The eighteenth century simply exchanged neglect and repression of the dispossessed for their exploitation; for starving as cut-purses in Alsatia and the purlicues of the Fleet it substituted the Speenhamland system and Bumbledom to drive them as depressed wage-earners to feed the mills.

The section on the Augustans' religion, one of the longest in the book, is full and of great interest. The period is too often assumed to have been one of spiritual anaemia, in which Wesley was the only apostle. This is far from the truth; if higher preferments formed a part of politics there were many underpaid clergy, like that of the *Deserted Village* 'passing rich on forty pounds a year', who honestly performed the duties of their calling as they understood it. Other aspects of the subject well treated are London and the Country, the Business World and the Visual Arts, and the whole is well illustrated by extracts from contemporary literature. There is a useful bibliography, in which the authorities for each section are given separately.

J. C. MARSH-EDWARDS

GLADSTONE

Gladstone: A Biography. By Philip Magnus. (John Murray. 28s.)

SIR PHILIP MAGNUS has provided us with a masterly and definitive biography in which he has dealt realistically but sympathetically with the great statesman. It is a book of excellent proportions, the private life (which meant so much to Mr. Gladstone) and the record of public affairs are perfectly balanced. The volume has an appendix giving a speech in Glynese, that eminently tiresome private language, an adequate bibliography and a detailed index. It has, however, one grave fault which diminishes its usefulness for the serious student. No references are given for any of the quotations or statements. It is to be hoped that the publishers will rectify this omission in a later edition so that the book can take its true place as a final picture of Mr. Gladstone.

It is of interest to find how little there is surprising to be discovered about the great man. He emerges from the tomb in which Morley imprisoned him much as we would always have imagined. His surroundings were on a large scale; his father had more money and Hawarden was a grander house and property than one would realize. The chapters dealing with Mr. Gladstone's life before marriage have a special interest. The exchanges with the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber when the young man came to be nominated for a ducal pocket borough are very pleasing. The following sentences illuminate the young Gladstone's mind.

D. of N. 'Yes, Popery is attempting to rally its forces, but I think only preparatory to its utter defeat and destruction.'

W.E.G. 'The Roman Catholic religion is so bad, and yet the prospect after its overthrow is so very dreary, that one scarcely knows whether to wish for its continuance, or destruction.'

Throughout life he was to retain a Messianic approach to the Catholic Church. Decade after decade he would sound his trumpet outside the walls of that old Jericho. The author well brings out his subject's charming simplicity. Visiting Sicily when he was twenty-nine he found his faith fortified by the subterranean rumblings that he heard as he climbed Mount Etna. He assumed that their purpose was 'to give a palpable assurance to our faith in the declarations of Scripture concerning the final conflagration of the Heavens and Earth. We see the match and the combustibles. And nothing is hidden from us but the Hand and the Time which are to bring them together.' With all his seriousness it is clear how very suited he was to be the focus of a life with Glynnes and Lytteltons.

The book gives an excellent account of his financial situation at different times including details of the Oak Farm Company and his rescue of the Hawarden estate. The author provides an admirable and succinct account of the events which turned the Peelite into a Liberal Prime Minister. He has a convincing description of his relations with the Whigs. It may be that he does not sufficiently underline the distinction between his two important political friendships with Sidney Herbert and Lord Granville. The latter was of immense value to Mr. Gladstone, but on Lord Granville's side it appears as a political necessity. The future Foreign Secretary admired his leader and laughed at him and determined to make do with him.

The break-up of the party could have been long foreseen and the Home Rule policy was an occasion rather than a cause of separation. It was hard for the Whigs to realize that they had landed a true demagogue. They were glad to detach themselves from 'The People's William'. The relations with the Queen are well described. It is the books on Mr. Gladstone not the books on Lord Beaconsfield which lead the reader to sympathize with Queen Victoria.

In the account of the alliance and breach with Parnell the author's comments on O'Shea are very just. It was the fact that the scandal became public which proved disastrous. No political difficulty was ever caused by Lord Hartington's long-standing relationship with the Duchess of Manchester. We probably know more about Mr. Gladstone than about any other nineteenth-century political figure. His power comes through his cramping limitations. We are all indebted to Sir Philip Magnus.

DAVID MATHEW

A STUDY OF KIERKEGAARD AND NIETZSCHE

Christendom Attacked: A Comparison of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. By Conrad Bonifazi. (Rockliff. 21s.)

THE Reverend Conrad Bonifazi is an English Congregational Minister whose post-graduate studies in Switzerland provided him with an opportunity of doing research on Kierkegaard and Nietzsche. The present book is the result of these studies, and consists of the author's M.A. thesis together with an introduction and two concluding chapters.

Christendom Attacked seeks to give an account of the attitudes of Kierkegaard and Nietzsche towards Christianity and contains a straightforward, well-documented account of what each of them published on this subject. The notion of a comparative study of these two stimulating and provoking thinkers, the first a believer, though no champion of orthodoxy, the other a challenger who, one suspects, sometimes could not help believing, is not original, but since relatively little such work has appeared in English Mr. Bonifazi's scholarly analysis of their attitudes is a welcome contribution to the sources of our knowledge. His book is not, however, entirely successful, and he has paid a high price to endow it with *actualité*. The scope of the historical thesis has been extended to include a consideration of the value of these attacks on Christianity both in themselves and for the Church today—with the word Church used in its most equivocal connotation. The purely factual exposition of the various writings on Christ, Catholicism, Protestantism, faith, reason, ethics and organized Christianity in general is thoroughly competent, but Mr. Bonifazi neglects the sources in biographies and letters which make an adequate understanding and evaluation of these attitudes possible and seems to over-estimate very considerably the value of the contributions these personalities could make to the organized religion which was the target of their onslaughts.

Gide once observed that Nietzsche was jealous of Christ to the point of madness and Mr. Bonifazi acknowledges the justice of Fr. Copleston's remark that Nietzsche felt, possibly semi-consciously, that he was being unjust to the religion of his upbringing. Mr. Bonifazi would have done well to draw on the testimony of Nietzsche's family circle and intimate acquaintances as well as on some more of the French and German analyses, such as those of Père de Lubac in *Le drame de l'humanisme athée* and, even more important, in the essay on Nietzsche's mysticism from *Affrontements mystiques*. The Nietzsche of the family circle is a small boy with an excessive sensibility in an exclusively feminine milieu, the 'permanent exception' says Karl Jaspers. The exigences of his attitude towards Mme Lou Andreas-Salomé, the increasing sensitivity and withdrawal from the unappreciative external

world to the ecstatic exaltation of his dreams, his vanity, his profound insecurity and his craving for esteem characterize the inferiority complex which shaped his attitude to life. In all sincerity he mistook his inner illusion of strength for the reality, until finally the maladjustment became so pronounced that he could no longer retain his mental balance.

Seen in this light, although his purity and courage may challenge us, Nietzsche's denigration of happiness and his 'fifth gospel' of power and fear lose much of their value for Christianity. The Christian gospel does indeed exact sincerity and suffering, but the suffering is born not of anguish but of love, and the 'defensive attitude' of mere conformity is by no means valueless. Simone Weil restores the Nietzschean 'seduction of suffering' to a more Christian emphasis when she writes, 'If he who takes up the sword shall die by the sword, he who does not take up the sword shall die by the Cross'. Suffering has not, as some of Nietzsche's expressions would lead us to think, an absolute value, and Mr. Bonifazi's tendency to consider interior attitudes alone as valid leads him perhaps to put too much emphasis on the relevance of Nietzsche's attack for the spiritual health of Christianity today.

Kierkegaard's existential theology, with its sharp repudiation of reason in favour of faith and its 'dialectical tension', makes an attack on 'Christendom' in distinction to 'New Testament Christianity' which is in many ways similar to that of Nietzsche. But in fact the essence of the Christianity which seeks to live New Testament values is an increased assimilation of the Beatitudes. The tension of living in but not of the world is the tension between the lower and higher interests of a basically integrated personality, which is very different from the dialectical tension of the conflict which Kierkegaard experienced, and which he made the very definition of personality.

He is the heir of a long line of thinkers stretching back to the Renaissance. Broadly speaking man's loss of inner unity and the rise of the conflicting tendencies of desire and law are a result of his turning his mind upon himself. Ideally these two principles of conduct are united in the love of God which, if it can still suffer temptation, does at least unite desire and law into one integrated motion. But when God is no longer the general goal of human endeavour the unity dissolves: Cartesian interiority developed through seventeenth-century naturalism and Rousseau's arbitrary moralism to Kant's basic opposition between the pure and the practical reasons. Kierkegaard's conflict repeats this opposition, and Fr. D'Arcy defines it as between himself as part of a world of reason and order and another part of himself 'which has to play the rebel and defy the rules and in that very irrationalism touch with longing hands a living God'.

Whether or not there was in Kierkegaard some latent aggressivity which thrived on this rift—and the paradoxical individualistic mould

of his thought with its repudiation of all but inner intensity suggests that there might have been—it is too facile to identify, as has sometimes been done, a heart which is *ängstlich* with St. Augustine's *cor inquietum*. Fr. Przywara once suggested that the position of St. Augustine in the modern world is filled by Cardinal Newman, and it might well be that Newman's synthesis of Kierkegaard's exigence of a personal and not a rationalistic approach to God with his own guarantee of the rights of reason in support of faith best solves the problem which Mr. Bonifazi poses.

It is at least certain that if the relevance of these two attacks on Christianity for contemporary Christendom is to be seriously considered, not only Kierkegaard and Nietzsche in isolation, but also the more orthodox solutions of some of their contemporaries must be examined. The weakness of Mr. Bonifazi's book is to have vastly increased the scope of an excellent historical thesis without paying due attention to the far wider requirements he thus incurs.

It has been said of Kirillov in *The Possessed* that he combined extreme atheism with sanctity (M. Jacques Madaule) and that he became insane by force of the basic craziness of his idea (Mr. Middleton Murry). In both of these respects he bears some resemblance to Nietzsche. Some of the results of Kierkegaard's rejection of reason have come to light in the work of Heidegger and Sartre, whose systems are not entirely successful on account of their failure to synthesize existential and rational elements in philosophy. Kierkegaard and Nietzsche do, indeed, present a challenge and a stimulus, but their assimilation into Christian thought is not perhaps so simple as Mr. Bonifazi tends to believe.

Christendom Attacked is a well-produced book. An excellent index and a small select bibliography are provided. Footnotes are at the end of each chapter. There are one or two small errors, Fr. Hans Urs von Balthasar loses the first half of his surname, Mme Lou Andreas-Salomé the first part of the surname and the accent. There is also a recurring fault in German grammar.

A. LEVI, S.J.

THE REPUTATION OF GARCIA LORCA

Lorca. By Roy Campbell. (Bowes and Bowes. 6s.)

It has puzzled many people that the concentrated, difficult poetry of García Lorca should have attained such popularity both in and out of Spain. One of the reasons propounded to explain this popularity—his 'instinctive' sympathy with the downtrodden and hence his supposed affinity with the political Left—is even more bewildering, for, as Roy Campbell does not fail to point out, Lorca was a retiring, completely

un-political semi-invalid, whose connexion with the Liberal *Institución Libre de Enseñanza* was important to him for the opportunities it provided of study of Andalucian folklore and of contact with other poets—Juan Ramón Jiménez and Gerardo Diego, for example, and also, as we have perhaps failed sufficiently to appreciate, with the young Salvador Dalí.

Lorca's initial appeal to readers outside his native Granada is easily enough explained. Save for the on the whole regrettable poem-cycle from New York, his poetry deals exclusively with the aspect of Spanish life for the sentimentalization of which the French Romantics must bear the blame—the exotic Spain of gipsies and guitars, bullfighters, *sietas* and *flamenco*. But with this difference: Lorca never romanticizes his subjects. They are not to him just something rich and strange and gaudily coloured. They are life itself, the brilliant hub of life as he knew it from childhood; they are also—and how frequently—the occasion of death.

Now judging by much of what has been written about him, it is doubtful if most of his foreign readers have even noticed the realism behind the Lorcan kaleidoscope. In short, he has won renown for too many of the wrong reasons, and these in turn have produced the misconceptions which still discolour studies of his works.

Really to appreciate his verse, we must transform, far more radically than with most poets, our own sets of values, migrate so completely to the South of Spain that what was at first exciting by its rarity no longer distracts us from essentials. As an elementary example, water, to us English, is an all too plentiful producer of mud, discomfort, and catarrh. To a *Granadino*, almost as much as to a Bedouin, water is the delectable giver of life in a parched land. Consequently, greenery and the colour green have a richer and more vital connotation for Lorca than for us. 'From the most ancient times,' says Mr. Campbell, 'the repetition of the word *verde* has haunted the Spaniards in various refrains from the ancient ballad: *Río verde, río verde más negro vas que la tinta*.' This is the clue to the reiterated use of the word by Lorca in his weird *Romance Somnábulo*—where however it is also the transmogrifying colour of moonlight.

We have therefore to make ourselves at home in an utterly strange environment, where the simplest word may have an unexpected association—where, for example, 'patent leather' evokes the uniform of the *Guardia Civil*, where olive groves 'open and shut like a fan' (as one moves past the avenues of trees), where a rose is probably the symbol, not of human love or a girl's mouth, but of the blood flowering from a knife-gash.

The ability to see through Granadan eyes, to see such images in their Andalucian context, is doubly important in a poetry as packed with vivid yet fleeting visual images as that of Lorca. Not merely was

he himself a painter, but of all his poetic predecessors his greatest and acknowledged debt is to Góngora. The sky is 'of mules', or the flounces of a gipsy dancer's skirt; the sunlight plays chess through the leaves on a lattice; a guitar is a bleeding heart gashed by its own five *espadas*. And yet the writer of such involved imaginings as are contained in the *Romance Somnábulo* can also (as could Góngora) find intense delight in nursery-rhyme simplicities like lizards playing in the sun 'with their little white aprons'.

We have also to understand and accept the violence which is as much a functional part of Lorca's metaphors as it is of the bullring and the eternal gipsy feuds, with each other or with the Civil Guards (as in the *Romance del Gitano Apaleado*). Even when violence and death are not described, they hover in the background. Of the ominous *Canción del Jinete*, for example, Mr. Campbell comments revealingly that 'the feeling of riding alone in the country was for many years rather fearsome. . . . I used to hate to read this poem at the time because it made me nervous. . . . In the consonants and vowel sounds, one gets the rhythm of the canter of a horse which the rider has ridden off the macadam of the main road so as to muffle the sound of his hoofs in the evening. There results a frightened, furtive, hurried and sinister syncopation of hoofbeats and heart-beats that defies analysis.' This is first-rate commentary, from a man who has good reason (see *Light on a Dark Horse*) to know what he is talking about. (If the interpretation still seems exaggerated, the reader is recommended to turn to the third act of Lope de Vega's *Caballero de Olmedo*, and imagine Lorca's poem sung there, instead of the equally sinister old song on which the play was founded, with a background of slow, deliberate chords on a guitar.)

Now Roy Campbell is in many ways the unsurpassable interpreter of Lorca for English readers; a native of another barbarously beautiful region, he for years found his spiritual home, and eventually his faith, among the horse-copers, *toreros*, and wide boys of Southern Spain; and he is himself, of course, a powerful poet, with a supplementary reputation for his versions of Spanish poetry. Yet despite his study's invaluable glosses, translations and interpretations, and despite the corrective it provides to such more pretentious works as Arturo Barea's *Lorca, the Poet and his People* (Faber, 1944), Mr. Campbell has one grave failing. Like his favourite Miura bulls, he is tremendous in action, save that when he lowers his head for the charge he loses sight of the target.

In his opening chapter, for instance, after having caught Messrs. Wells and Shaw a glancing blow or two (they are probably sufficiently straw-padded to come through the ordeal), he looks round for meatier flesh to gore, and finds it in the B.B.C. Talks Department—'butchers of our mother tongue'. True, G. K. Chesterton could get away with talking about Chesterton for most of his book on Dickens (among others), but in a study of the comparative brevity of Mr. Campbell's, and above

all in the vital first chapter, it is a vast pity that he lets himself be so side-tracked. For in so doing he loses sight for several pages of the question he has set out to answer: what is the true strength and virtue of Lorca as against these trumpeted and indeed groundless claims that he was in any valid sense a champion of left-wing democracy and singer of contemporary *Marseillaises*?

When Mr. Campbell does get back to his subject, he makes an illuminating comparison of Lorca with Dylan Thomas. The latter 'extracts the maximum of meaning from words through their sound. So does Lorca. They are both musicians . . .' (This of course is what the diatribe against broadcast talks was intended to lead up to.) But naturally there are differences too. The rumbustiousness of Thomas's imagery, rather like Roy Campbell's own, is hardly in the same vein as Lorca's. 'Thomas is a dealer in thunder and lightning, Lorca deals rather in the sound of rivers and leaves, and the iridescence [*sic*] of lights and waters. Strength is Dylan Thomas's salient quality . . . subtlety is Lorca's.'

Another difference, of attitude, but perhaps equally important, which Roy Campbell does not mention, is the contrast between Lorca's fatalistic acceptance—that Mediterranean passivity of which Manuel Machado was so aware—and the iconoclasm of the Welshman. Hence the submission to violence in Lorca, a submission which is only thrown off in the extreme agony of personal loss and sympathetic revulsion of the poems on the death of the bullfighter Ignacio Sánchez Mejías.

The result of this submission is an unforced power of understatement which it is interesting to contrast with the more familiar laconic pose of New World writing: the innate, participating acceptance of Lorca stands out particularly clearly if we set it beside the prose of an early exponent, Ambrose Bierce. Compare, for example, 'A man stood upon a railroad bridge in Northern Alabama . . . The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope loosely encircled his neck . . .' with *Muerte de Antoñito el Camborio* in Mr. Campbell's gusty translation:

He bit the boots that stove his ribs
With slashes of a tusky boar.

Here surely, if regrettably, is a note that cannot fail to appeal to the modern sensitivity. The self-conscious violence of much Anglo-Saxon writing and cinema, sates or anaesthetizes our guilty awareness of the subterranean violence in our own selves. The reading public which comes across the unselfconscious savagery etched by Lorca as economically and powerfully as ever Goya did, feels an instinctive attraction, a kinship of beasts beneath the skin. It might yet serve to lead some of our liberal humanists back to a realization that original sin did not become extinct with the Enlightenment.

But there is of course much more to Lorca's poetry than simple elemental ferocity. He is, as Mr. Campbell clearly shows, no mere primitive. 'Lorca grafted on to the tree of popular tradition his own gorgeous ramification of the sophisticated, and highly *literary* Gongorine tradition, which is the very opposite of the simple popular folk-lore with which he blended it so harmoniously.'

In this blend of the ultra-*cultista* with the folk-song resides without any doubt Lorca's unique poetic power. He came to manhood at what seemed an auspicious time for Spanish letters. But he was no minor poet whom the current of history flung up fortuitously on the shore of international repute because his flair for tuning in to the popular mind in its turn caught the public fancy, as his *romances* were chanted by fellow students, and later in the trenches of the Guadarrama. While it is intriguing to speculate on what he might have achieved had he lived, he did leave us much to be thankful for.

We should be extremely grateful too to Mr. Campbell, almost as much for the lances he has broken as for the clarity of his exposition and criticism, and to his publishers for this edition, whose close but clear print offers no serious obstacle to the keen student, and is more than atoned for by its price.

JOHN McDONNELL

AUSTRIA

The Rebirth of Austria. By Richard Hiscocks. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. 18s.)

'WHEN a criminal has served his term, he is allowed to go free. It has solemnly been declared, not only that we have committed no crime, but that we have fallen victim to a criminal. And yet we are deprived of our liberty.'

In January 1952, when Chancellor Figl spoke these words, peace treaties had been secured by ex-enemies like Italy, Bulgaria, Roumania and Japan. Austria, however, continued to be an ill-used casualty of the Cold War and it was arguable that the State Treaty giving political freedom was less tangibly within her grasp then than immediately after the liberation. In 1945, the Soviet Union seemed hardly a whit behind the Western Powers in its rehabilitation efforts, and the Western recognition of the Russian-sponsored Provisional Government (in spite of earlier suspicion) was in the nature of an acknowledgement of Russia's apparent good faith. There was plenty of friendliness and enthusiasm, and Austrians did not need to be excessively sanguine to believe in the earnestness of the Moscow Declaration promising a free, independent, and democratic Austria.

At the beginning, it seemed quite possible that free elections would

favour the Communists. Dr. Hiscocks considers that the Russians missed a great opportunity. In the spring of 1945 they had the ball at their feet, and a moderate and enlightened Communist policy, after Russia's fight against the Germans, would have had a considerable attraction. The Austrians had, writes Dr. Hiscocks, genuinely welcomed the Russians as liberators, and after Nazi domination were ready for a change. More than anything else it was the behaviour of the Red Army that caused them to decline to make the Communist experiment. The elections were a blow to the Russians, and Dr. Hiscocks's argument may fairly be summarized in these terms: after the elections of November 1945, it was clear to the Soviet Union that Austria would not become a satellite, and therefore it was Soviet policy to remain as long as possible as occupying Power and exploit Austrian natural resources without regard for the country's well-being.

How was this done? Principally by a most cavalier interpretation of the phrase 'German assets', which the four Powers at Potsdam had been unable to define. The Germans had not been scrupulous about what they had confiscated, and now the Russians in their turn grabbed voraciously. In the summer of 1946 they listed what they intended to take as reparations and refused to discuss the matter in the Allied Council. The Western Powers could do nothing owing to the failure of the Potsdam Conference to define what exactly was the German property in Eastern Austria which had been allotted to the Soviet Union. The oil industry of Austria is probably the most productive in Europe; it is under Soviet control. This is the best instance of Russia's savage exploitation of the natural and industrial resources of Austria on the plea that they were merely claiming the assets of the defeated enemy. In Dr. Hiscocks's words: 'It is one of the hardest blows that have fallen on the Austrian people that such a gift of Providence should have been exploited successively by two unscrupulous foreign Powers and should never yet have been used for the benefit of the people themselves.'

All this makes it remarkable that the work of reconstruction by the Austrians has been so successful. Dr. Karl Renner had been known to the Russians as a pioneer Socialist thinker and his writings on the problems of nationalities had influenced Stalin. He was also a moderate and magnanimous statesman, acceptable to all parties in Austria. It was plain that he would not act as a Russian agent; none the less the Russians supported him in his undertaking to set up an Austrian Government. The pre-war parties under his guidance met one another with readiness to subordinate the clash of party objectives to the common labour of getting the state on its feet. The sufferings of party leaders imprisoned by the Nazis did much to create the spirit needed. In Dr. Figl's words, a man in the concentration camp did not ask his fellow prisoner what party he belonged to, but only if he were an

Austrian. Not that the differences between parties were small. Dr. Hiscocks puts the matter thus:

On the one side are the Socialists, with their radical idealism, their materialism, and their admiration for the Marxian analysis; on the other side, the Right Wing, with its Catholicism, its respect for tradition, and its varying forms of nostalgia for the past. They differ from each other not only in temperament and in their views on the speed and method of political advance but, in many cases, in their whole attitude towards life and its purpose and towards the nature of society and the State. This fundamental contrast in *Weltanschauung*, or philosophy of life, has been one of the main reasons for the stability of party loyalties in Austria through the years.

Under both the Provisional Government and the Coalition which followed the elections the instruments of democracy were forged with striking speed and efficiency. In the condition of the Austrian economy, a comprehensive essay in nationalization was for several reasons virtually imperative; some industries had been seriously damaged during the war, others, essential to recovery, could not be run at a profit. Although financial stability was not achieved until the end of 1951, it is significant, as Dr. Hiscocks points out, that during the early post-war years there was virtually no unemployment in Austria.

This is a scholarly and objective study, interesting and sometimes quite moving. There is a fair amount of hard statistical reading—necessarily—but the chronicle of a gallant and enlightened people building up a broken nation in the face of frustrating spiritual and economic obstacles makes a readable book.

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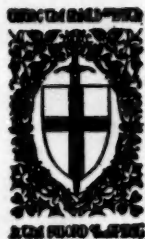
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